The Strategic Road to Russia

The Reporter

April 3, 1951

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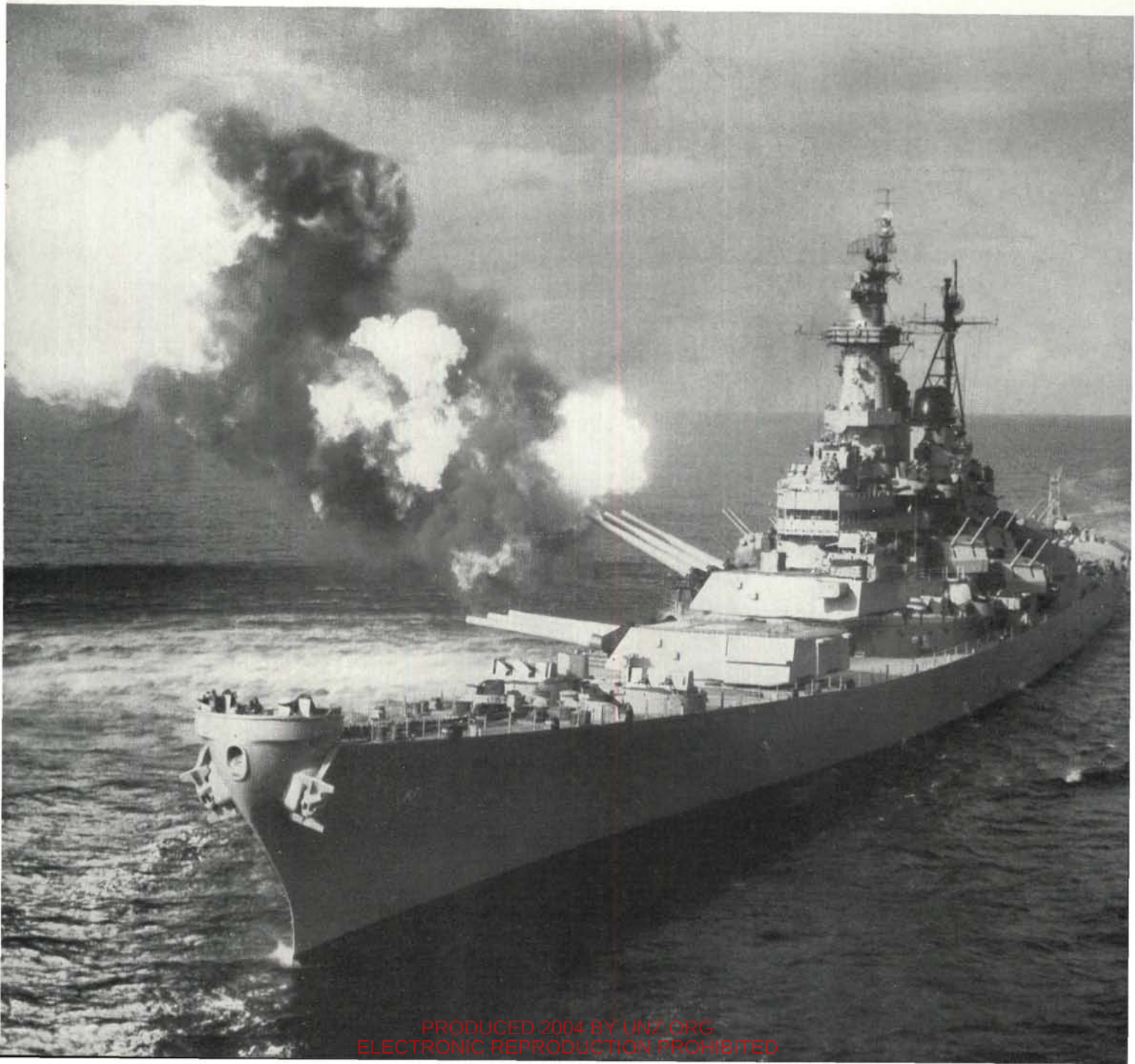
THE 'MIGHTY MO' OFF KOREA



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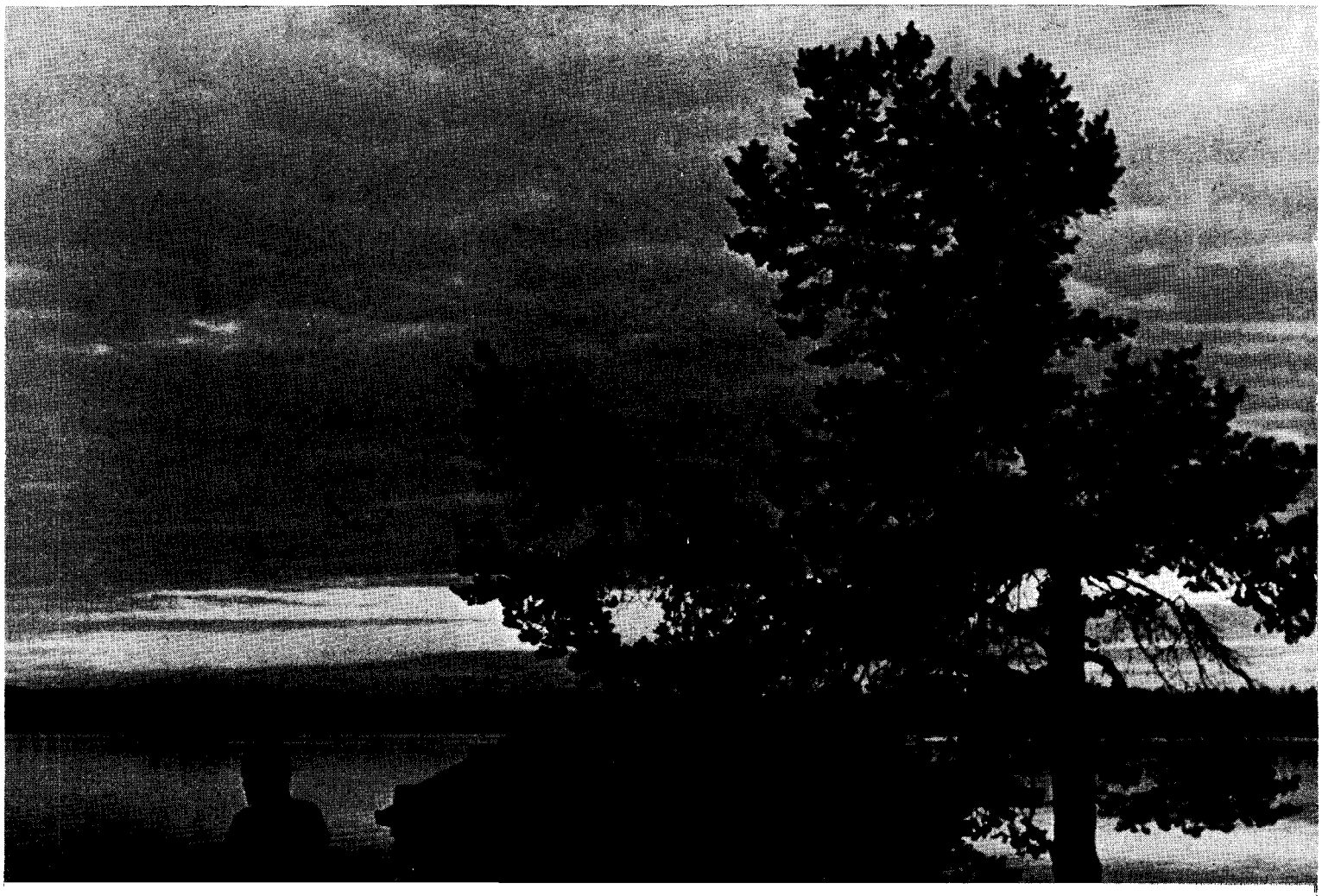
While their Premier ingratiates himself with Moscow, Finland's people work on, determined that the Hammer and Sickle shall not fly again over their fields and forests (see page 17)



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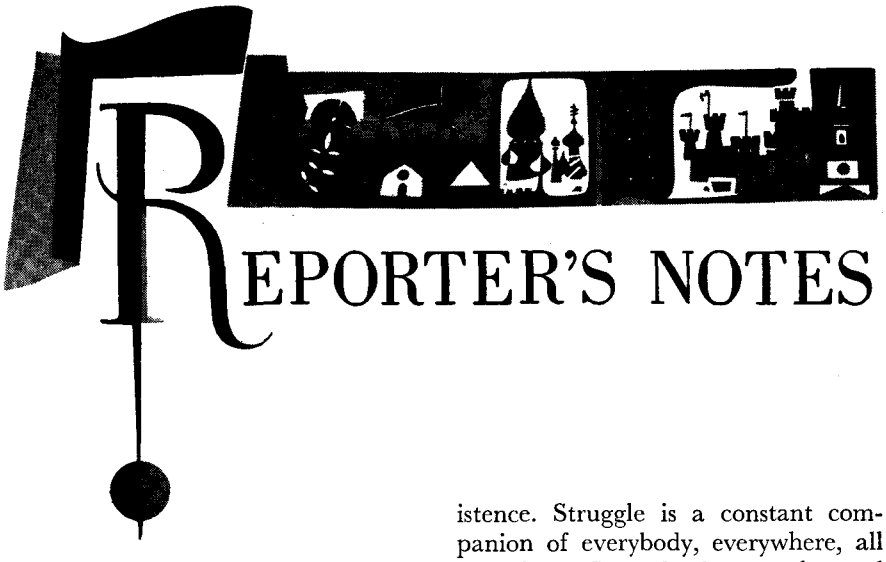

REPORTER'S NOTES

What's in a Word?

For weeks, the philosopher-strategists of *Time* and *Life* have been beating the drum: War is here, now, *NOW*. NOW, not some time in the future, but right NOW. And in their opinion it isn't limited war, it is all-out war against the enemy with whom under no conditions could we live in peace. Who dares to say that democracy and Communism can co-exist?

Obviously, a war against an enemy with whom we cannot live in peace can end only when he is thoroughly crushed and surrenders unconditionally. This means total war, as it means that later on, after we win, we shall have to assume complete responsibility for the welfare and the survival of the defeated people. These are not just empty generalities, for we are still busy lifting our two last major enemies to their feet.

But recently there has been a change in the strategic-political thinking of *Time* and *Life*. A recent *Life* editorial explains that war is not inevitable, and asks what "war" means anyway: "Yet it is a word in general use, it has a present meaning. *Life*, for example, has said recently that we are already at war—'war to the finish, war now.' What is meant by this use of the word 'war'? For war, substitute 'struggle.' We are already in a struggle—a struggle for our lives, a struggle to the finish, a struggle now."

So they meant struggle, after all. Struggle is a word we use all the time —struggle for survival, struggle for existence. Struggle is a constant companion of everybody, everywhere, all the time. Struggle is growth, and growth is life.

All this is quite reassuring. The *Time* and *Life* people used a word that was a little scary, but now we can relax. It was as if somebody in a crowded theater had shouted, "Fire! Fire!" and then blandly corrected himself: "For fire substitute Light! Light!" After all, what is light if not controlled fire?

Conspicuous Waste

After *Time* and *Life*, we must confess, our favorite reading is the *Daily Worker*. The only trouble with this paper is that it is not read enough. It is good for at least a column of quotes every day.

Take this, for instance: The title is GOTTWALD REPORTS ON THE SITUATION IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA. "Premier Antonin Zapotocky showed in an earlier speech that the new rationing of bread and flour, far from meaning a cut in personal consumption, actually illustrates the increase in living standards. With wages and salaries at the highest levels, and prices going down constantly, there have been 60 price cuts last year, people have become used to buying more than they could ever consume. Check-ups in schools for instance showed thousands of buttered rolls thrown into waste paper baskets by almost too well-fed children."

The Underworld

Every middle-aged American remembers the old days of Prohibition. At that time, when liquor, beer, and wine were unlawful public utilities, even the most respectable citizens knew how to get around the law. It was customary to have a pet bootlegger who perforce had rather unsavory connections and was frequently a shady character himself. Certainly he was seldom invited to the social events that, without his contribution, would have been flops. And if somebody went out of his way to proclaim that the bootlegger was his best friend, his closest associate, a pillar of society, a gentleman and a scholar, then there would have been no doubt —that man was suffering from overconsumption of the bootlegger's merchandise.

In our country the dividing line between underworld and overworld is constantly shifting, as Senator Estes Kefauver has reminded us lately. We may now and then rub elbows with an underworld character or even have some little business with him, when we are forced into a deal that we wouldn't want to brag about. But on the whole we are sophisticated people who know how to get around, pay a limited tribute to sin, and then return to the normal standards of virtue.

When we have to deal with heads of foreign states, however, all our native prudence seems to vanish. We thought of this the other day when we read the declaration Ambassador Stanton Griffis made after having been admitted for the first time to the radiant presence of Generalissimo Francisco Franco. He's a particularly imprudent man, this Ambassador Griffis; he doesn't know how to behave in the presence of potentates. He talks about Franco as he used to talk about Perón when he was our ambassador in Buenos Aires. We could not say anything worse, just as nothing more damaging could be said about either of the two dictators than to compare him to the other.

If we ever have world government, one of the first things we will need is a global Kefauver investigation. Should the global Kefauver go to Buenos Aires these days, how would he distinguish between government and thuggery? Just look at the way *La Prensa* has been strangled and raped—*La Prensa*, which used to be one of the two or three great newspapers in the hemisphere.

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Correspondence

P. B. I.

To the Editor: In general I would lend a lusty affirmative voice to the remarks of David Kenyon Webster concerning the fighting spirit of military units in *The Reporter* of March 6. I would, however, take exception to his subtle slam at the mass of the Army in his reference to "the most successful fighting units—the paratroops, the Marines, and the Rangers." "Belligerent pride" is a possession of every good outfit—and there were and are plenty of them in the Army—and not the exclusive property of the glory boys.

The famous Bastogne episode of the Bulge, while admirable, is one of the most overrated exploits of the Second World War. Any good outfit that could not have held out for a similar length of time should have been transferred to the Boy Scouts. But who hears now of the plain old ordinary troops that fought their way to the rescue of the vaunted paratroops? Who hears now—in fact who heard at all—of the dogged retreat of the 4th (Ivy) Infantry Division, which found itself scattered on a twenty-mile holding front instead of within a solid fortress city? The 4th had to fight in small units from roadblock to roadblock, and through sheer courage prevented a breakthrough until help came. When my outfit, the 5th (Red Diamond) Infantry Division, was rushed in, we took over only a part of a 4th Division regimental sector, and the thousands of frozen German corpses we found in our advance were mute testimony to the fighting spirit and ability of a good unit in a far tougher position than that of the paratroops.

Frankly, I am damned tired of references to the Army as a second-class battle outfit. Journalists are suckers for the glory boys. Unfortunately for the United States, there just aren't enough of "the elite" to fight very many battles, and the bulk of the task of winning wars falls to the poor old unglorious, unglamorous, almost despised Army, which hates the job it is doing, seldom carries a flag into any fray (let alone raising it on mountains), and has gotten eyestrain from reading about the Marines, paratroops, and Rangers in the headlines.

DISGRUNTLED
New York City

Desertion

To the Editor: One phase of the "great debate" is overlooked. To me it is an important one: How does the line expounded by Messrs. Hoover and Taft affect the morale of our soldiers in Europe who have been in a state of alert, more or less, since the Communist Youth Rally in Berlin last May?

There is an Amerika Haus in Nuremberg where Americans exchange views with Germans in forum groups. Last November one German scholar told the group that the world looked to America with hope, "if only your country does not go nationalistic." The Americans, one of whom was my son, reassured him that in this country there were checks and balances in the two-party system and that isolationism was a thing of the past. It could never get out of hand as it did after the First World War.

The desertion of Europeans to an onslaught of Russion invasion would be equally a desertion of our land forces there. Our soldiers realize this, and I can tell you that the irony of the situation, accentuated by Taft and Hoover, is causing cynicism among them, and a shamefacedness before their German acquaintances.

I wish Taft would send one of his sons over there and replace my son, or keep his mouth shut. In times of national danger, I thought there was a law against morale breakers. Taft goes in that category.

DORA C. MATHEWS
Hudson, Ohio

China Strategy

To the Editor: James Colwell's prescription for a limited war against Red China in your March 6 issue seems to run into a curious negation of itself. He ably argues the military feasibility of knocking out China's railways and industry with a relatively small force. But he seems to disprove rather than prove that such a strategy of disruption would neutralize Red China. In pointing out that China's railways and industry are so pathetically small that it would not take a large force to keep them disrupted, he neglects to observe that this very smallness makes them an unimportant indicator of Red China's strength.

Nor does the impotence of Nationalist China in the period of Japan's "limited war" appear sound support for his thesis. As Graham Peck makes clear in his rebuttal, the Reds themselves render that argument meaningless, since they thrived and grew stronger during the same limited war.

Colwell's strategy is to push the Reds into the primitive countryside. Here, he argues, China is self-sufficient; decentralized society would work against centralized authority. But here again his point appears to hoist itself by its own petard, for it was that very kind of countryside which enabled the Chinese Reds to breathe and operate at all. Indeed, it has been their special genius to organize, to maintain authority, and to wage war without benefit of ports, industrial centers, and railways—even without dirt roads. Colwell is correct in assuming Red China to be weaker than supposed, but his strategy would merely sting the Communists, not weaken them appreciably. It would hurt, of course, but that is a long way from neutralization.

Red China's greatest military weakness is lack of any important war production of its own. Most of its present weapons came from America, Japan, and Russia. In the future Russia must increasingly bear the burden of supply. It should then be clear that the best way to render Red China impotent without commitment of large American forces would be to knock out Russia.

PRESTON SCHOYER
Pittsburgh

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

April 3, 1951 Volume 4, No. 7

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Editorial

Letter to a European Friend

Now don't take this personally, but sometimes when I see the phrase "American imperialism" alongside "Russian imperialism" in your press, I get just as angry as when I read in ours that Europe is a washout. Particularly among European liberals, the belief is still rampant that the American and the Russian extremes, for all their differences, have much in common, and that wise nations can and should steer a middle course between them. This is what you people call "equidistance."

There are powerful forces, you say, inside every European government that are getting more and more resentful of American tutelage and American imperialism. Besides, the major continental nations all have their own obnoxious Communist Parties. Briefly, every nation has the prospect, or runs the risk, of reaching its compromise with Communism. Every nation that calls itself democratic or anti-Communist seems free to go all or part of the way to the other side. There is only one exception: the United States.

You in Europe complain frequently about the stiffness of our foreign policy, the petulance of our diplomacy, the rabidness of our anti-Communism (which is, in all truth, not the monopoly of any one of our parties or factions, but a national trait). Do you ever stop to wonder whether our unyielding anti-Communism may not be the major guarantee of what you cherish most—your national independence?

For I think there is little doubt that the Russian leaders are ready, and have been since the end of the war, to establish a long truce with the only enemy they respect and fear, the United States—if only the United States were sensible enough, from their viewpoint, to divide the world with them. They cannot forgive us for not being what they say we are—an empire bent on conquest and exploitation. To the brutish realists in the Kremlin we do not make sense. Why do we prop up foreign nations, strengthen them, use our own wealth and weapons to make them independent of us? How come we refuse to be sensible—at least as sensible as Hitler was in the fall of 1939? How come we don't want a good spell of peace arranged by the two really great powers, America and Russia—Harry and Joe—and drop the whole nonsense of international democracy and the United Nations?

Of course I am not saying that the Europeans and other people should be grateful to us for not following a policy that no American in his right mind could even conceive, let alone advocate. Yet I think that if you people in western Europe can afford to flirt with the idea of a private deal with Communism, you owe it to us.

Particularly since the Korean war, we have been overinclined to see our conflict with Russia in purely military terms. Not many people here may even remember the expression "total diplomacy" that Secretary Acheson coined some months ago, for the great object of contention in America today is whether or not we should have a total Pentagon, with the Army as well-developed as the other services. Our Great Debate is being fought in military terms, as if our diplomacy were the carbon copy of our strategy.

Of course this warmindedness of ours has alarmed you people abroad. But perhaps you have not realized that our very warmindedness has left you a considerable degree of political initiative—far greater, with all due respect, than your own military power would warrant. From Europe have come the most daring plans of political action. We leave it to you to play big politics, while we play cops and soldiers.

It is rather odd that America, the least ideological of all nations, appears most possessed by anti-Communist ideology, just as it is odd that the most ruggedly anti-militaristic of all peoples appears to the rest of the world as a drill sergeant. Behind all this, behind all the trite lowbrow abstractions about freedom that our politicians cherish so much, there is the absolute determination not to let you down, to keep you as our partners and our equals. We proceed doggedly in our self-imposed task of increasing the strength of the West, practically without any political alternative. You have been lucky: The only alternative that has been suggested—leaving you to Russia's mercy—has been championed by the perpetual knight of the lost cause, Herbert Hoover.

Sincerely,
MAX ASCOLI

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Waiting for the enemy

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Wide World

The amphibious flanking operation at Inchon, a fine example of mobility and striking power

The U. S. Military Tradition: Firepower That Moves *Fast*

If the Soviet armies should march westward this year, or next, or any year in the foreseeable future, an Atlantic army under General Eisenhower would certainly be outnumbered. But whether that army would be a forlorn collection of expendables or could dam the Red tide until the West mobilized its full power depends upon many factors, some of them extremely intangible.

Certainly that army, whether it had twenty or sixty divisions, would be hard pressed. If it succeeded, its stand would rank with the greatest defensive actions of history. To succeed it would have to be superbly trained and officered and possessed of the highest morale. All this is possible. But it would not have to depend upon blood alone. If it had enough mobility and firepower, plus a sufficiently powerful air force, it could wound the Soviet Army as grievously as the Chinese Communist Army has been wounded in Korea.

The Soviet Army, to be sure, is not just another Chinese Army. Perhaps a third of it is fully armored in the western sense. It employs masses of very good artillery. But it is weak—and this could be important—in the fire-control devices and communications that modern artillery requires. It is in communications and control, as well as in superior mobility and devices like the proximity fuze (which gives incredible precision to our air-burst artillery fire against infantry in foxholes or behind hills), that our superiority is most noticeable and can give us the most hope. If the Soviets lack these facilities, their 1951 army is equipped to refight the battles of the Second World War.

That same criticism is constantly made of today's U. S. Army. In the last war our tanks could not match the best German and Soviet tanks, the critics say, and, they add, the ones we now have are only superficially improved. Our artillery is no better than Soviet artillery, and we do not have as much. We do not put as many men into the battle lines as the Soviets, but harbor and waste the talents of thousands in unproductive rear-area jobs.

All of this is partly true, but it ignores the essential truth, which is that potentially no army was ever as mobile and heavily weaponed as the U.S. Army. If mobility, strategic and tactical, means the ability to keep one step ahead of the enemy, to hit him where he doesn't expect it or where it will do you the most good, or to make him hit you where you want him to, then our Army is mobile indeed. Its variety of vehicles, jeeps, tank retrievers (the Soviet Army has none of these monsters so essential to an armored force), self-propelled artillery, liaison planes, helicopters, and "flying boxcars" testifies to the mobile base on which our Army is built.

If mobility is a matter as much of spirit as of rolling stock, the U. S. Army has that too. The swollen, well-armored U.S. armies of Europe in 1944-1945 were more typical in this respect than the few undermanned, under-equipped, and unseasoned divisions we had in Korea last summer. But even in Korea, the Inchon end run and the subsequent link-up below Seoul gave a dramatic example of our ability to move fast, hit hard, and keep the enemy off balance.

There is more to mobility than merely traveling light. The Soviet Army, we are told, travels light. American prisoners of war freed from German camps in Poland at the tag end of the war have told how the Soviet Army snaked across the country, foraging as it went —some of it in splendor, with modern machines of war; some plodding afoot under great loads; some with horse-carts and even with yoked oxen dragging cannon.

That is one aspect of the Soviet Army. There are others: guerrillas rising in the night to strike at vital rear areas; soldiers capable of marching incredible distances and enduring hunger and pain; brilliant command and staff

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work in the higher echelons, sometimes indifferent work in the lower; excellent artillery and armor, poor communications, and mediocre tactics.

Those critics of the U.S. Army who like to compare specific weapons are often led into error by leaving other similarly vital factors out of the equation. There is a paragraph in an Army manual that every critic should commit to memory: "In no case should any [weapons]—new or old—be judged solely by the criteria of their counterparts [in other armies]. Rather, they must be judged against the background which affected their construction and in the light of the tactics governing their employment."

That is to say that an army is the product of the social and moral qualities of its nation, and its weapons reflect the economic and industrial system of the nation. In the long sweep, these are the factors that determine weapons and tactics and alternately shift the odds from favoring the attacker to favoring the defender. The Soviet Army is a high-explosive-throwing, gasoline-age army. Our Army is that and potentially something more.

The high explosives and the gasoline engines are being made more effective by the scientists. The proximity fuze is a good example. In a recent *Saturday Evening Post* article, Joseph and Stewart Alsop compare the American 105-mm. howitzer with the Soviet 122-mm. howitzer—unfavorably. The larger Soviet gun, they wrote, "has the same weight, the same mobility, the same range as the American howitzer, and throws a fifty per cent heavier shell." First of all, the "same mobility" would depend upon the prime mover. But the Alsops fail to compare the fuzes available to artillerymen manning the two weapons. Unless the Soviets have developed proximity fuzes, with the tiny, complicated radio senders and receivers in their noses, and can manufacture them in quantity, they are a long way behind our artillery despite the "fifty per cent heavier shell"—the difference between 33 and 47 pounds.

The Alsops also found that our tanks are inferior in armor and gunpower to Soviet tanks. Armor (protection) and gunpower (hitting power) are two of the three classical keys to victory. The third is movement. Presumably our tanks are more mobile than the Soviets'. The question of hitting power is debatable. Call it even: We have mobility and hitting power; the Soviets have protection and hitting power. Who wins?

There is more to it than that. If our arsenal of antitank weapons is superior, and it almost certainly is, the Soviets' superior numbers of tanks and heavier armor will avail them little. General Collins has described these antitank weapons, beginning with a rifle grenade using a new explosive for attacking tanks at short ranges. This and the famous 3.5-inch bazooka are weapons for the infantryman to use when enemy tanks break through to his position. More important are the guns. These begin with the recoilless rifle firing a hollow charge. Then come the larger tank mounted rifles and the artillery pieces. When our Pershing T-26 medium tanks with 90-mm. guns got to Korea they proved to be a match for the Soviet T-34s, General Collins has reported. Before a single one of our T-26s was lost, more than 400 enemy T-34s had been knocked out and destroyed (although not all by tank fire). Later we lost five medium tanks to the 85-mm. fire of the T-34s. "Our guns are better, our fire-control equipment is better, our men are better trained," General Collins has said. He mentioned a new artillery shell that can knock out massed tanks at 12,000 yards or more.

All in all, he was quite confident. "By improving antitank weapons, by proper use of planned demolitions, and by greatly improved tanks," we can contain the enemy with a smaller force, he told *U.S. News & World Report*. "By the use of air with rockets against tanks, which we knew from our experience in the past war is very effective, [we can] go a long way toward reducing the . . . power of an army that uses a great many tanks."

All this supports Dr. Vannevar Bush's suggestion that the defensive promises at the moment to get the upper hand of the offensive. The atomic bomb and the schnorkel submarine are the two great new attack weapons. All other developments during and since the Second World War—radar, hollow charge, recoilless cannon, proximity fuze, sniper-scope, to mention a few—give as much or more power to the defender than to the attacker. Add the tactical atomic bomb fired from an artillery piece, and guided missiles—both of which General Collins has said are coming before many years. With

Wide World

The 75-mm. recoilless rifle, demonstrated by a 2nd Division crew

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Wide World

The Soviet T-34 (right) proved no match for the U.S. T-26 (Pershing)

Wide World

Workhorse of the artillery: the 105-mm. howitzer

these, plus true mobility, the free world should be able to overcome the masses of Communist infantry, armor, and artillery.

It is true, as the critics are quick to point out, that many of the new weapons are hardly in production. But that cannot be helped. In justice to the Army it should be said that funds for production have not been plentiful.

The Army developmental work that comes before production is a somewhat different problem. Some criticism can be directed at certain technical services for their reluctance to accept outside scientific help. There is a tendency toward inbreeding and shutting out civilian advice. However, the work of Johns Hopkins University in research for the Army is expanding. Its major achievements are, of course, secret, but a few have been made public.

One was a study of the effect of artillery support on the casualty rate of an attacking force. The Second World War campaigns were researched and the "cheapness of advance" under varying amounts of artillery support was determined by dividing distance advanced by number of casualties.

In another instance the question involved anti-aircraft artillery. A very expensive piece of fire-control equipment was available to co-ordinate the fire of several batteries from a single fire-direction center. The question was, which would produce the most hits, the new piece of control equipment or the additional guns that could be bought for the same amount? Research recommended the additional guns.

Ordnance itself is doing considerable work in these fields. A common gripe of riflemen in both Europe and the Pacific was that our weapons produced much more smoke and flash than the German or Japanese. Smoke and flash gave away location. But tests did not support the soldiers' gripes. When Japanese powder was fired from our rifles, more flash at equivalent velocities was registered than with our own powder. The amount of smoke was about the same. The long barrel of the Japanese rifle was responsible for the decrease in flash. Research is continuing, and Ordnance believes that smoke and flash can be greatly reduced.

The tendency to think the other fellow's weapons better is hard to down. The Alsops, for example, imply that our M-1 rifle is inferior to the Soviets'

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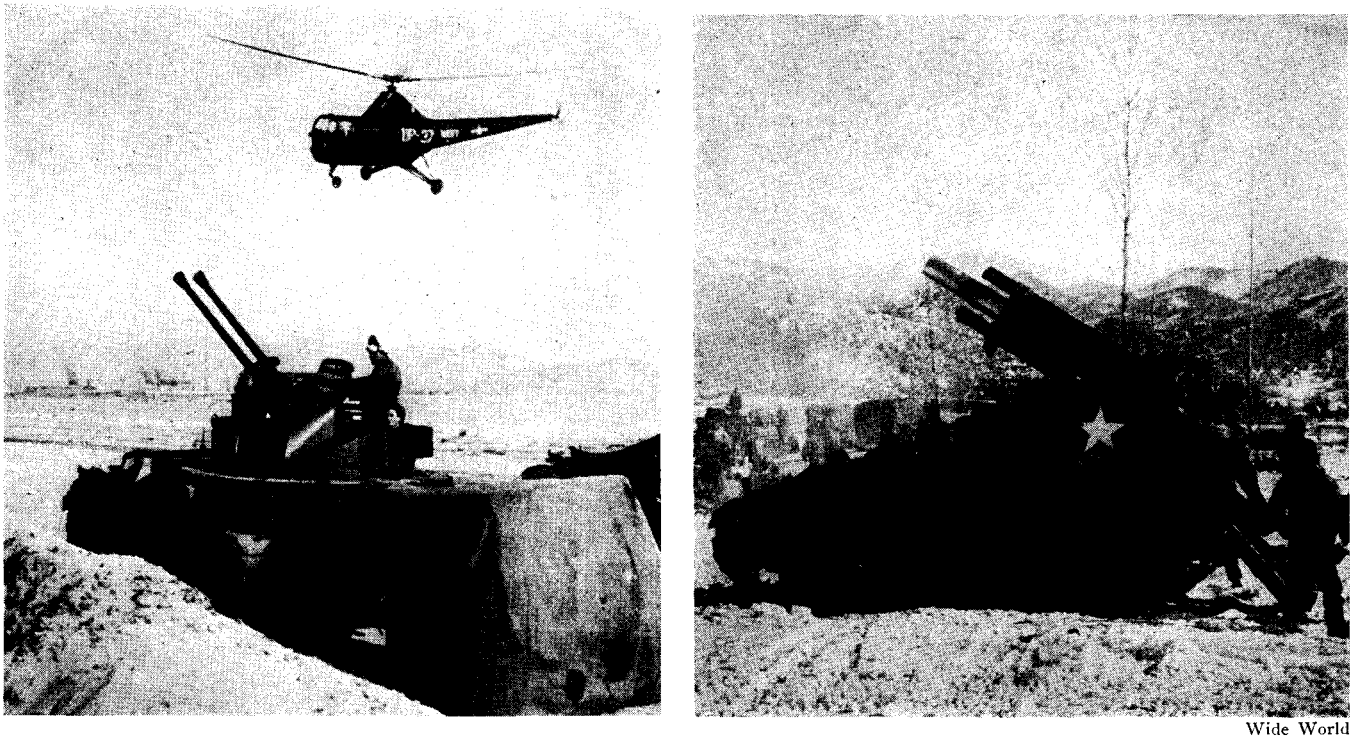

Wide World

Mobility plus: track-mounted twin 40-mm. AA guns; a helicopter; a self-propelled 155-mm. howitzer

submachine guns. Their statement that the M-1 is "the world's best small-arms design for aimed fire" surprised many an old soldier who had always supposed that the 1903 Springfield, which gave way to the semi-automatic M-1, was the most accurate military rifle ever put to use on the battlefield. American snipers in the Second World War customarily preferred the Springfield to the M-1. It may be indeed, as the Alsops say, that the M-1 has served its purpose and must make way for a lighter, faster firing, fully automatic rifle. Such a rifle is being developed.

The eventual success or failure of the North Atlantic Treaty nations in creating an effective force for the defense of Europe depends upon many factors, of which the quality of American arms is only one, but an important one. We should be careful that we don't let ourselves be misguided by our potential enemy. What is good enough for him may not be the best for us. The value we put on individual lives has a distinct bearing on the nature of our weapons. If we demand an alert and imaginative corps of arms experts and scientists plus the production miracles that are common in our industry, we need not be afraid. —JOHN B. SPORE

An Army Task Force Probes the Future

Somewhere in the fastnesses of the Pentagon is a sequestered, spyproof, locked and barred file cabinet containing a bulky document, officially known as "A Program for National Security Progress," which might just as well be called "Eisenhower's Dream." It is the product of the strangest task force ever created by the U.S. Army, and though most of it has been kept secret, enough has been released to show the U.S. mid-century military mind at its best and most daring.

The project started late in 1946, when Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard University, suggested to General Eisenhower that he pick a few of his brightest young officers, free them of other duties, and assign them to study the entire long-range problem of national security. Eisenhower agreed at once. By March, 1947, he had chosen three combat-toughened, brainy colonels; named them the Advanced Study Group; given them a free hand to go anywhere, talk to anyone, and read anything that struck their fancy; and sent them on their way with his blessing.

The officers formed an impressive group. They were Colonel Don Z. Zimmerman, forty-seven, an Air Force pilot with graduate degrees in engineering and geology, a term as deputy to ex-Air Force Chief General Carl Spaatz, and some political experience as War Department representative with the Truman committee; Lieutenant Colonel George W. Beeler, forty, an engineer who had helped plan logistics for the invasion of Normandy and later directed Army rail operations in northern Europe; and Lieu-

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tenant Colonel George M. Jones, thirty-nine, an infantryman and paratrooper who led the airborne invasion to recapture Corregidor. In 1949, Jones was replaced by Lieutenant Colonel Frederick W. Gibb, forty-two, a combat infantryman in Europe during the Second World War, who later headed the offensive-tactics committee of the Infantry School at Fort Benning.

Under Zimmerman's chairmanship, the three went on one of the most curious missions undertaken by U.S. Army officers. For three years they moved around the country—visiting libraries, secret laboratories, industrial offices, college campuses, and the quiet study of a philosopher, as well as warships, air bases, and Army camps.

Most of what they discovered and reported will never be made known to the public, for it was concerned with weapons, techniques, strategy, and tactics.

But the Army did consider it proper to snip a few paragraphs here and there—mostly about the general conclusions the group had come to—and release them. These conclusions, many of them political or in the indistinct region where high strategy and international politics meet, are at least as relevant as some of the ideas for troop deployment and choice of weapons advanced by Congressmen and elder statesmen.

The primary conclusion of General Eisenhower's youthful brain trust was that a long-range strategy could not be developed piecemeal, on the basis of national or international political expediency. The three decided that, on the contrary, national security must be hitched to a consistent set of political objectives, without which the accumulation of military hardware would not be enough.

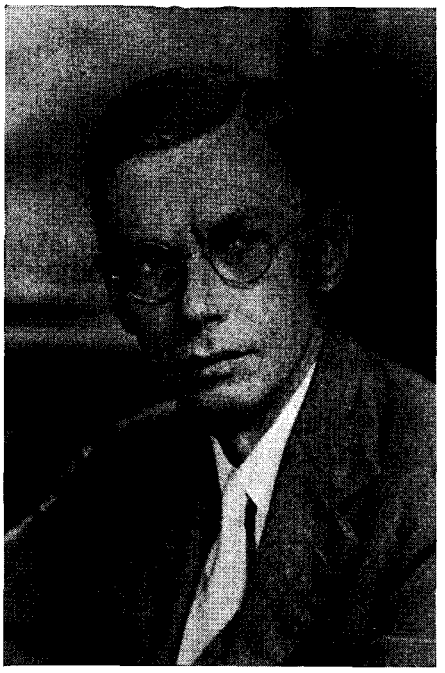
They urged that our answer to Communism be a dynamic, positive philosophy of freedom and democracy that could capture the imagination of peoples around the world and, further, that we should not object to any nation's internal government so long as it tried to live peacefully without trying to exploit other nations.

Some of the group's other political-strategic conclusions were as follows:

Item: The unconditional surrender formula is no longer realistic, and annihilation of an enemy is neither desirable nor attainable.

Item: The United Nations should be preserved and the Soviet bloc kept in it, even during wartime.

Item: During peace (the report was written before Korea), the United States and its allies should fashion a clear-cut policy about sharing possible war costs, apportioned fairly on the basis of each ally's burden and ability to pay. Prewar living standards should be restored in the allied nations as far as possible through mutual aid.



Harris & Ewing

He had the idea: James Bryant Conant of Harvard

Item: We can no longer count on our geographical position to keep an enemy from crippling our economy.

Item: War will perhaps be a prohibitively expensive instrument of policy in fifteen or twenty-five years; the cost of warfare, for victor and loser alike, has raised the ante too high.

Item: If war develops, we must emphasize that our military forces are being used to stop the war as soon as possible, to prevent further destruction and to permit the remaining conflicts to be settled properly.

The ASG recommended the maintenance of military forces large enough to jolt any aggressor but small enough to convince the world that we are not building for an attack. The colonels felt that we should avoid an armaments race, which would drain our economic strength and would involve us in mounting tensions, mutual recriminations, and recurrent crises. Again, it must be remembered that they were writing before Korea.

Furthermore, if we overloaded our arsenal too suddenly, we would then find ourselves stuck with obsolete arms.

However, it seems that the incursion of the report into the field of foreign and national policy, beyond the traditional limits of military interest, disturbed the less adventurous minds in the Pentagon. Time, and the advent of war in Korea, have permitted the more cautious attitude to prevail.

In December, 1949, the group was shifted to the Joint Chiefs of Staff and was renamed the Joint Advanced Study Committee. It became part of the joint staff and lost much of its freedom. Its province was limited to the military art and to the scientific advances that might affect it. The emphasis was on practicality and on problems only five years away, not fifteen.

By the summer of 1950, Colonel Beeler had been transferred to the artillery center at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to pursue the practical problems of making atomic artillery a reality. When the Korean War broke out, Colonel Zimmerman was called to the Far East Air Force and Colonel Gibb was shifted to the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

A new group, representing Army, Navy, and Air Force, has replaced the earlier members. It has been cautioned against straying outside a confined military bailiwick. The military mind was chastened after its excursion into new ideas and was pulling back into its well-armored shell.

Few if any of the top generals in the Pentagon ever read "A Program for National Security Progress" all the way through. The colonels gave a briefing or two, but they were dismissed by some of their colleagues as visionaries or longhairs. But now, with Eisenhower's original team disbanded and its study locked away, the testimony of many of our generals, making cool sense in the heat and confusion of Congressional committee meetings, would indicate that "Eisenhower's Dream" was not altogether a vain one.

—LLOYD H. NORMAN

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The Mediterranean—
Strategic Road to Russia

For any nation that commands the sea and air, the Mediterranean is the highroad to the Soviet heartland. To be sure, Korea and western Europe are getting the headlines at the moment, and, for the tireless writers of science fiction, the new frontier of the Arctic is a theme of endless fascination. But our military planners are giving some hard thought to the Mediterranean.

In February, American and British naval and air officers met in Malta to plan a stronger, more integrated deployment of their strength in the Mediterranean and the Middle East. About the same time, the United States and France began negotiations to reactivate five wartime air bases in Morocco. The upshot is a program for the rapid build-up of air and sea bases from Gibraltar to the Persian Gulf. Runways are to be lengthened and underground gasoline dumps provided in Morocco, Tripoli, Egypt, Cyprus, Jordan, Iraq, and Iran. Weather-observation stations are to be installed and communications equipment set up—so that America's heavier aircraft can fly from these positions, which dot the Mediterranean for more than two thousand miles from west to east.

This joint program has been made public. But there are certainly other strategic plans not on the public record. When *Red Fleet* printed a jittery

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charge that the United States and Britain are preparing offensive war against Russia's Black Sea ports, it revealed the Kremlin's respect for the striking power of carrier-based aircraft. Russia's defenses against fast, low-altitude, sea-based planes are weaker than those against big, relatively slow long-range bombers.

There is no mistaking the stress put on the eastern Mediterranean lately. Along with the Malta and Paris meetings, there has been a thorough canvass of the entire area by Air Force Secretary Thomas K. Finletter, who, although new in that post, is an old hand at air power. Britain sent General Sir Brian Robertson, commander of its Middle East forces, to Israel on a mission frankly strategic in aim; and Israel has opened the door to staff talks with American military men. George W. Perkins, Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs, took a trip to Belgrade at the same time that his counterpart for the Middle East, George C. McGhee, led a procession of high officials, military and civilian, to Turkey, a country pressing Washington for outright alliance.

The biggest conference of military leaders, however, was held in Paris in the first week of March, when General Eisenhower and sundry subordinates met with Admiral Robert B. Carney, commanding our Mediterranean forces; Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, Chief of Naval Operations; and General Robertson. Their subject was the organization and use of sea power in the Mediterranean. In the aggregate, these top-level dealings bear witness to the urgency of military readiness there.

The constant search of American military planners is for potential means of bringing air and sea power to bear on the Soviet Union if necessary. They can plan to stand on the defensive in the Far East and on the islands flanking the eastern shore of Asia once the Korean War is ended. They can provide radar warning stations and interceptor squadrons for the defense of North America in the northwest, north, and northeast—the possible danger zones. They can anticipate the path of the main Soviet attack in Europe, because it would have to come on the northern plain that extends from Moscow to the English Channel.

But these are problems of *defense*, and defense of itself does not win wars. America's most telling weapons for offensive war are aircraft—land-based and sea-based. They range from single-place fighters to the six-engine B-36, and their armament from .50-caliber machine guns to the atomic bomb. The strategic planners find their most urgent and most baffling task in determining how to deploy their offensive power where it would hurt the Kremlin most, support our allies best, and also protect our prime sources of strategic materials and our sea lanes to them.

This search for the means of staging a retaliatory offensive and of supporting valued partners leads military men inexorably to the Mediterranean. That tideless sea can best be thought of as an arm of the Atlantic extending into the heart of the Eurasian-African land mass, the "world island" of the geopoliticians. It is a long, irregular corridor, rimmed completely by friendly or neutral nations (except for the short Albanian coast), reaching nearly to the front door of the Soviet Union. For Britain, after the opening of the Suez Canal back in 1869, it was the supreme sea-communication line, linking the homeland with India and Australasia. Today it has four big strategic uses.

First and foremost, it is an avenue on which air-sea power could be brought to bear against the Soviet Union and its European satellites. Second, it is a sea lane for the logistical support of southern France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey. Third, it is an efficient sea lane to the Middle East and the richest petroleum lands of the world. Finally, it would be a formidable water barrier against a European continent held by the Red Army—if it should come to that.

The main body of Europe is a peninsula, flanked by the Baltic and the Mediterranean. In war, the Baltic would be a Russian lake, because the entrances are too constricted and shallow for our penetration, because it is too small for maneuver, and because it parallels the flat northern plains of Europe. But the Mediterranean, with ample sea room for ships to maneuver and with friendly nations all around, contains a series of north-south peninsulas (Greece, Italy, Spain). It is evident that the north of Europe, being a wide corridor open at both ends, is vulnerable to any strong land force, while the south of Europe is cut off from the north by mountains and trisected by projecting arms of the Mediterranean (Aegean, Adriatic, Ligurian Seas). By the logic of geography, in modern war southern Europe must "belong" to the dominant sea power, just as northern Europe must "belong" to the dominant land power.

Our chief political allies are in the west of Europe. The problem there is to create enough defensive strength to fight a holding war. Our natural geographic allies for offensive action are in the south, in a broken east-west row —Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy, Spain.

America, as the pre-eminent sea power, has a relation of mutual dependence with these impoverished Mediterranean states in a strategic deployment ordered by geography. Turkey and Greece are a shield keeping Russia from the Aegean and eastern Mediterranean. Yugoslavia is a shield keeping Russia from the Adriatic and central Mediterranean. Spain adjoins the only reliable entrance to the Mediterranean. Simply by existing as non-Soviet states, these countries make the Middle Sea a viable sea lane for us. At the same time, while we and the British command its waters, the Mediterranean is a highway on which we can bring support to these partners who are not yet (excepting Italy) formal allies. We look to them as buffers for our sea corridor. They look to us for munitions, supply, reinforcement, and air support.

Starting with these geographic realities, we can piece together the main elements of the potential counter-offensive strategy now taking form. Fast carrier task forces would roam the Mediterranean sending fast, low-altitude fighter-bombers northward against tactical targets. Land-based fighters and attack bombers would do the same, working from many bases scattered through the islands and pen-

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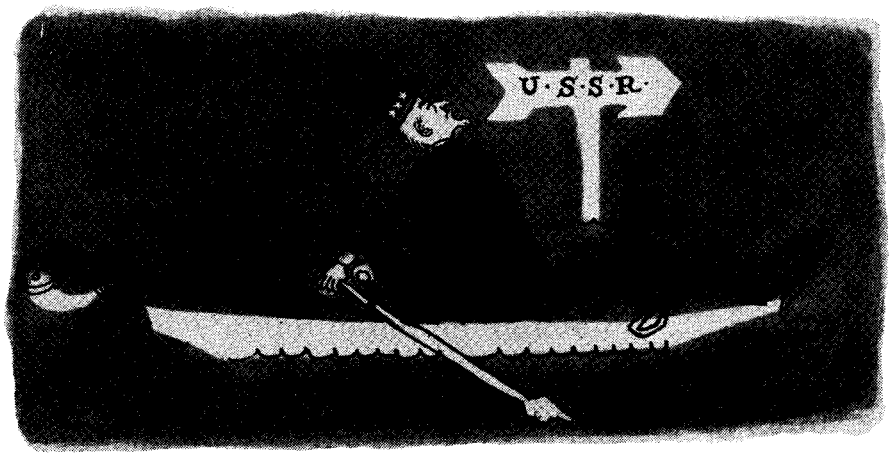
insulas of the region. The primary task would be to achieve command of the air, the secondary to slow aggressor ground forces.

Medium-range bombers from well-protected bases farther back would fly north and northeast to smash at strategic targets in the satellite states, European Russia, and the vital area just behind the Urals. The planned improvement of British air bases in Iran, Iraq, Jordan, Cyprus, and Tripoli is a clear preparation for such a counter-offensive. Greek and Turkish airfields could serve as forward bases for fighter aircraft—on bomber-escort missions and offensive sweeps.

Just what our heavier aircraft would be able to do from bases in the British Isles or what our monster B-36s could do from their aerie in Texas only actual performance in all-out war can confirm. It would depend on how well the Russians have developed their high-altitude defenses. Long-range bombers would be relied on to deliver main offensive blows at strategic targets in the Soviet Union, but even if these aerial battleships did all that was expected of them, they could not keep the Red



Army out of western Europe. Wrecking Soviet tank factories would then be no more important than wrecking Soviet tanks on the move westward.

Meantime, if Soviet ground forces attacked, merchantmen of the United States and some allies would be plowing eastward through the Mediterranean under anti-submarine escort. This maritime service of supply would bring to our air bases throughout the area the ammunition, fuel, foodstuffs, defensive ground-force contingents, fighter-aircraft replacements, and other items essential to overseas aerial operations. It would bring the nations of southern Europe equipment to sharpen their harrying thrusts northward against the exposed southern flank of the Soviet war machine—a flank that would grow ever longer as the attack moved westward. On this sea route also we might deploy amphibious task forces of great mobility and firepower for special jobs in southern Europe, the Middle East, or (if *Red Fleet's* fears were confirmed) the Black Sea littoral of Russia.

Middle Eastern petroleum poses an acute problem for strategic planners, because the oil-bearing regions of Iran, Iraq, and Arabia are not protected by natural barriers against oil-hungry Russia. If we cannot ensure the holding of these areas against Soviet troops (a ground-force task of large dimensions), we must allot enough air power in the Middle East to prevent the enemy from utilizing these oilfields.

Even in the worst conceivable circumstances—seizure and occupation of the great bulk of Europe by Communist forces—the Mediterranean would remain immensely important in Anglo-American strategy. With their overwhelming superiority in sea power, America and Britain could maintain logistical support for air bases in North Africa and on various islands—Crete, Cyprus, Malta, Sardinia. To hold the islands would be an air-sea task. To hold North Africa would require only sea command of the Mediterranean and ground-force defense of a hundred-mile front on the Isthmus of Suez. In 1943 Allied victory was accomplished in North Africa mainly because Anglo-American sea power in the Mediterranean tended to isolate Rommel's armies. In reverse, the same sea command could assure the safety and effective operation of air bases in and south of the Mediterranean.

Whether we assume the best or the worst, whether we should manage to hold most of Europe, or lose it, we cannot hang back and trust to the British Isles—Mr. Hoover's unsinkable aircraft carrier and the cornerstone of his cautious strategy of passive defense. Britain lies at the end of the north European plain, separated from it by eighteen miles of water. It backs up a purely defensive position. From British bases, we could launch retaliatory bomber strikes against Moscow and Leningrad, and fighter and attack planes for the support of defensive ground forces on the European plain. But if we wanted to *win* such a war, and not merely go through the motions of resisting, we would do better to work from the British air bases scattered from Gibraltar to the Persian Gulf. Britain's contribution is not merely a cluster of airfields in the home islands, but a series of shrewdly placed positions along the underbelly of Europe, won by centuries of canny diplomacy and stubborn fighting.

The plans for deploying the power of the West in the Mediterranean are new, but they rest on extensive preparation—on three years of support for Turkey and Greece, on the resuscitation of Italian naval power, and on Washington's recent rather wary conciliation of the Franco régime. The Mediterranean area has been cultivated by diplomats in advance of its exploitation by soldiers and sailors.

Italian naval power is not to be laughed away. Set against that of the United States, it is trifling—twenty-five thousand officers and men (the limit imposed by treaty) against half a million. Forbidden by treaty to maintain aircraft carriers or submarines, Italy cannot pose as a great naval power. But in the Mediterranean, it could contribute the small, fast craft that count for so much in anti-submarine warfare in calm, restricted waters.

Spain enters the calculations of any Mediterranean strategy because a hostile power in Andalusia could endanger our use of the Strait of Gibraltar. The whole edifice of an offensive and de-

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fensive strategy for the region would collapse if the guns or planes of a strong enemy dominated the fifteen-mile-wide passage. Under Generalissimo Franco or anybody else, therefore, Spain needs to be persuaded—and if necessary helped—to defend its own soil. But that is about all the western powers really need from Spain.

To make our offensive-defensive Mediterranean strategy effective, political planners must try to gain the active, full-scale participation of two powers not yet woven into the fabric of the North Atlantic alliance—Yugoslavia and Turkey. Their armies, properly employed, could neutralize nearly half the ground-force strength Russia would have initially for an attack in Europe.

The problems faced by political planners, however, are a story in themselves. It is enough to observe, in purely strategic terms, that one down-to-earth fact must guide our political dealings with the Mediterranean states—that Tito's Yugoslavia can help us prevent war with Russia, or else help us mightily to prevent the loss of western Europe if war should come, while Franco's Spain could do little more than provide a last-gasp defensive beachhead on the continent from which to undertake the stupendously bloody and heart-breaking task of reconquering all Europe once it was stupidly lost. This is spelled out clearly by Tito and his spokesmen, who have said Yugoslavia will fight if Greece is attacked, if Italy is invaded through Austria, if Russia strikes in Germany. That covers about everything but an end run through Norway. Yugoslavia is in our corner. And it has force and the incentive to use it.

Our emergent strategy for the Mediterranean needs to be far better understood across the breadth of America. There are two ingredients for a successful strategic plan. One is to keep Soviet armies out of industrial western Europe. The other is to throw in a relentless succession of hard belly punches by sea and air from all around the perimeter of the Red World. And for this second task, which is the counter-offensive and therefore the decisive task, the Mediterranean beckons. It is a highroad flanked by friends, and it leads to the doorstep of Stalin's Eurasian heartland.—WILLIAM H. HESSLER

The Crazy Quilt Of Our Middle East Policy

At the end of the Second World War the United States suddenly realized that it had become Britain's partner in determining policy for an area as unfamiliar to most Americans as the lost continent of Atlantis. Not since the expeditions against the Barbary pirates in 1801 and 1804 had the Mediterranean and Middle East figured so largely in our foreign policy. American interest in the region had been rudely reawakened by General Erwin Rommel's near success in capturing its vital oilfields and communications routes, including the Suez Canal. Britain's century-old struggle with Russia for control of the area emphasized historically its importance as a buffer between East and West.

King Ibn Saud

American interest in the Middle East was dramatically emphasized in February, 1945, when the Arabian king, Ibn Saud, was invited to bring the royal milk goats and tent aboard an American warship off the Arabian coast for a meeting with President Roosevelt. Nobody is sure what they talked about, but early in the war the threat of an oil shortage in the United States had awakened official interest in Arabia's rich petroleum deposits. Negotiations had been going on with Ibn Saud to acquire a government concession or at least a pipeline to the Mediterranean. Neither concession nor pipeline has ever materialized, but Washington's interest in Arabian political stability brought Ibn Saud some $18 million in Lend-Lease.

After the war, oil continued to be America's chief material interest in the Middle East. Besides their commercial value to American firms, these oilfields play a vital part in our European strategy. This year Iran, Iraq, and Arabia are expected to supply most of the oil for western Europe. Russia, which together with its satellites has less than a quarter of the oil reserves known to exist in the Middle East, created one of the first postwar international crises by pressing for an oil concession in northern Iran. With American backing, Iran stood up to Russian threats late in 1945 and early in 1946, and Russia's attempt failed when under U.N. pressure it was forced to withdraw its troops.

Aside from oil, the chief American interest in the Middle East today is strategic. American military planners believe that it may be next on Russia's list of "soft spots" and British airfields throughout the area are about to be reconditioned for use by long-range American aircraft.

The grand strategy of global war began to draw America into the Middle East as early as 1942. Then the United States was called upon to share responsibility in the Middle East Supply Center (MESC) with the British. Through the Supply Center, the

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United States had to help supervise both the imports and production of twelve Middle East countries in order to conserve Allied shipping and resources. It was also necessary to ensure that sufficient civilian supplies were available for the area's eighty million people. By the next year our involvement had become so complex that a director of American economic activities for the area was sent to Cairo.

Meanwhile the U.S. Army was setting up its Persian Gulf Command in Iran to speed the shipment of Lend-Lease supplies to Russia. The activities of the PGC's thirty thousand noncombatant troops included building and reorganizing harbors on the Persian Gulf, constructing and repairing highways, building airports, and operating the Trans-Iranian Railway.

By V-J Day the United States had become Britain's full-fledged partner in planning political and economic strategy for the Middle East. During the war we had followed the British lead. All decisions had been based primarily on military considerations and little attention had been paid to the social and economic foundations of the area's various political régimes. With victory and an end to troop requirements, was there any further need of American political and economic intervention in the Middle East?

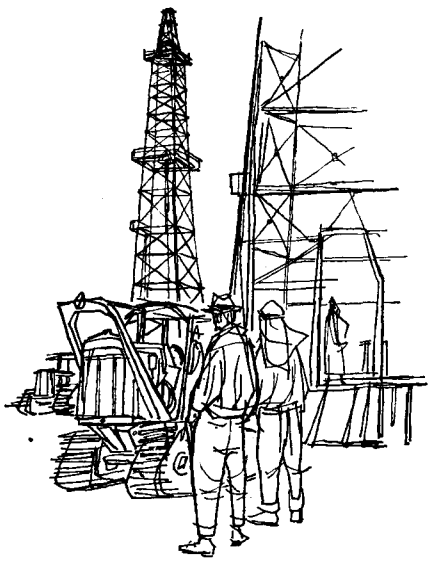
It was at first assumed that Britain would again take over the area as a sphere of influence, but soon postwar economic troubles forced the British into partial retirement. The danger of leaving a power vacuum pushed the Americans into assuming many of the responsibilities and obligations of Great Britain. This decision was part of the new over-all strategy aimed at containment of Russia. American assumption of British economic and political obligations in the Middle East was complementary to the Truman Doctrine and essential to the new U.S. Mediterranean and European policies.

The first problem of American Middle East policymakers was to define the British commitments and obligations this country was about to take over. Britain's policy had aimed at keeping in power governments friendly to the Commonwealth and ensuring that they followed no path which might be at variance with British interests. Little attention was ever paid to the sorry plight of masses of people as backward and poverty-stricken as those in the worst areas of China or India.

By the end of the war, in an area only a few miles by tank across Russia's southern border, conditions were conducive to a situation such as the Communists were exploiting in China and in eastern Europe. In Egypt parasites sap the blood streams of millions of peasants who have little to expect from their lives besides large families and an early death. From their government, a group of land-rich pashas, or from their king, a conspicuous wastrel, they can expect little help. In the malaria-ridden backwater areas of Iraq, peasants live in grass and mud huts of almost prehistoric design. No effort has been made by the clique of politicians that runs their government in Bagdad to teach them anything of modern life. In the slums of Teheran, capital of Iran, the open sewage ditches that run through the dusty streets are used as wading pools, laundries, and drinking fountains.

At the end of the war America was expected to step into this hornet's nest with a clear policy designed to keep the Communists out.

The question facing American diplomats was: What was to be the basis of U. S. Middle East policy? No traditional foreign policy for the area



existed. Before the war only a handful of Americans—mostly missionaries, archaeologists, and oilmen—had ever visited the Middle East. Immediately after victory our government was faced with major decisions in this almost unknown region, whose future might ultimately determine that of the United States.

The lack of any established foreign policy, and of enough individuals equipped to draw one up for the area, resulted in the emergence of a patchwork strategy made up about equally of the old British defense of the status quo and defense of the often conflicting local American interests. The main immediate objective was to keep Russia out. Superimposed on this was the protection and furthering of existing U. S. commitments. Between the boundaries of long-range strategic interests and immediate material ones, American Middle East policy has run a crazily inconsistent path.

In Syria and Lebanon during the war we followed British policy. Then the United States and Britain quickly recognized the two new countries' declarations of independence from France. When the French attempted to use strong-arm tactics to recoup their position, the United States gave its official blessing to British countermeasures on behalf of the new states.

In the Palestine crisis American policy often clashed with that of Britain. At times there was even conflict within the U.S. government itself concerning Israel. American policy was kicked back and forth between those opposing

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the Jewish state and favoring a status quo in the Middle East and those who saw in Israel possibilities for stimulating a Middle Eastern awakening.

By and large, our Middle East strategy has remained in the hands of those who back the status quo. We have given loans to and backed such diverse régimes as democratic-socialist Israel, the absolute monarchy of Saudi Arabia, the semidemocratic republic of Turkey, and the corrupt oligarchic kingdom of Iran.

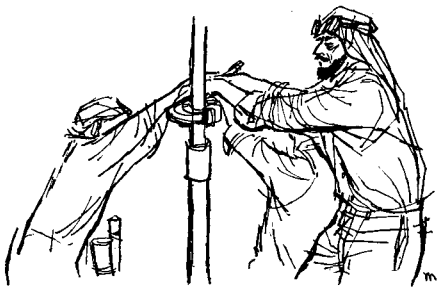
The reaction of most Middle Easterners to our reverses in Korea indicates how few friends we have won in the area. When, in the early days of the Korean War, it looked as if the North Koreans would win, there was great elation in the Arab countries—even among students at the American University in Beirut. A New York *Times* correspondent then wrote from Lebanon: "The tendency to employ Soviet arguments . . . is found particularly among students and young people. The idea that the North Koreans are merely seeking national unity and that the 'imperialist' United States is trying to prevent the unity of Asiatic people is considerably more widespread than might be expected."

The status-quo policy did not even ingratiate the United States with the Arab leaders whom it favored. They shouted about the "shame" of American support for Israel. The good will built up by American educational institutions and by four generations of American Middle East missionaries seemed to be swept away in a hot flash of impetuous nationalism.

Meanwhile, our inconsistency even caused many Israelis to regard us with suspicion. Although grateful for the material support they receive from private American citizens and for a $100 million loan from the U. S. Export-Import Bank, many display the sensitiveness of all young nationalists to the slightest hint of foreign interference in their internal affairs.

Nowhere in the Middle East have our good intentions gone more astray than in Iran. There, after months of negotiations for an Export-Import loan of $25 million, minor technicalities and the frictions caused by rubbing the Iranians' national sensitivity the wrong way make it doubtful whether even a small part of the money will reach Iran before the end of 1951. Even more significant is the doom of Iran's own Seven Year Plan for national reconstruction and development. The plan originally called for using most of the country's oil royalties, which totaled $44,800,000 last year, for developing a higher standard of living under the direction of a private American advisory group, Overseas Consultants, Inc. Conflict between the Americans and corrupt Iranian officials resulted in the cancellation of O. C. I.'s contract last January.

The only country in the Middle East where American policy has had some success is Turkey. There the government has the confidence of the people, and the leaders have so far been more eager to co-operate with the United States than to line their own pockets. American policymakers are just beginning to learn the lesson of Turkey —that effective strategy must have the support of the people on whose country it is based. A policy based on support for the status quo because, even though corrupt, it is for the moment anti-Communist, is bound to topple in the Middle East as it has elsewhere. There is no immediate danger that our policy will collapse, but the Middle East is fertile ground for Soviet propaganda. Seeds of discord do not have to be sown; they already abound.



Even if there were a consistent and intelligently formulated American strategy for the Middle East, it would be difficult to implement. Outside Turkey no Middle Eastern people agrees on what to do about Communist aggression. Among the Arab states interdynastic rivalries are more important than fear of outside aggression. Egyptian and Iraqi nationalists are obsessed with ending their close ties with Britain. The Arab states and Israel worry about each other. In many of these countries rabid nationalism is often used to muffle the discontent of minorities: The war cries of Arab leaders indicate that they are sitting on social and economic volcanoes.

Only recently has America begun to understand the weak foundation upon which its policy totters. The abortive O. C. I. attempt in Iran showed that Americans could deal constructively with economic and social conditions as backward as those of the world's most poverty-stricken areas.

The American members of the U.N. Conciliation Commission for Palestine were among the first of our diplomats to see how inseparable political and economic factors are in the area. Stymied in their search for a political solution to the Arab refugee question, they decided to try an economic approach.

A U.N. Economic Survey Mission, under Gordon R. Clapp, chairman of the board of directors of the TVA, decided that peace and stability could not be achieved in the Middle East until the living standards of its masses were raised. It recognized that this must be a long process, in which the people and governments of the Middle East will have to develop their own resources. It pointed out that an improved and modernized agriculture should be the beginning for such a development program. The mission found that present obstacles to economic development leave few if any opportunities for productive investment in large-scale schemes or for fruitful application of long-term credits. It recommended that Middle East governments be given a chance to learn by planning, organizing, and carrying out small pilot projects with the aid of the international community.

At first the Clapp program met widespread suspicion in the Arab states. Lately their leaders have begun to realize that this is as painless a way as any to rebuild their shaky political structures. Recently at a meeting of Middle East agriculture experts in Cairo the delegates suggested that measures such as those recommended by the Clapp mission be taken at once.

Our Middle East policymakers must extend the Clapp report to the whole region and encourage and assist the Arab states to carry out its recommendations if the top-heavy structure of American policy there is to be given a firm foundation. —DON PERETZ

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Finland—Another Czechoslovakia?

As the Finns realize only too well, theirs is the only country on Russia's European border the Soviets have not occupied or Communized—yet. Along the seven-hundred-mile frontier of northern forestland, the Russians have concentrated ten powerful infantry divisions. Against them the Finns have a few thousand border policemen armed with pistols or rifles.

Planted in the middle of Finland's southern coast, at Porkkala on the Gulf of Finland, is a military base established by the Soviets as a prize of victory in the Second World War. On that base, sealed off from the rest of Finland and barred even to the local Communists, Russia maintains another division, equipped with hundreds of Stalin tanks. The windows in Helsinki's office buildings rattle ominously when the coastal guns at Porkkala are fired; it would take only forty minutes for the tanks to rumble from the base into Helsinki's Government Square. To block them, the entire Finnish Army can muster thirteen outmoded armored vehicles.

These hard military facts, plus the knowledge that Finland would be on Russia's direct route to the bases of the North Atlantic allies, would be enough to make any nation of four million people—outnumbered fifty to one by its neighbor—apprehensive. Yet the Finns are a plucky and stubborn people whose proudest word is *Sisu*—"guts"—and in recent years they have shown that they know what it means.

If they had succumbed to fear after the Communists had seized the reins of power in Czechoslovakia in the early days of 1948, the Finns today might well be subjects of another Soviet slave state. A few months after the Prague *Putsch*, Karl-August Fagerholm, the Social Democrat who was Premier at the time, kicked Finland's Communists out of government posts and broke up the Communist-run secret police. The

Social Democrats fought the Communists for control of the trade unions and took Finland's workers away from the Moscow-ruled World Federation of Trade Unions.

With such a record, the Finns have every right to be impervious to apprehension. And so they were until a recent series of ominous political and economic developments.

Those developments, many Finns believe, are wrapped up with the political personality of a bald, cadaverous, cold-eyed man named Urho Kekkonen. Kekkonen, a city-bred lawyer who bosses the Finnish Agrarian Party, has been the Premier of Finland since last March. He is no Communist or even fellow traveler. Unfortunately, however, he is one of the few remaining members of that school of central and eastern European politicians—some suicides, many in prison, most deposed by now—who believe it possible simultaneously to "get along with" the Soviet Union and "handle" domestic Communists.

Kekkonen has had, since his accession to power, a firm and unequivocal record of appeasement. In a land that prides itself on slow-thinking tenacity, Kekkonen prides himself on quickness and adaptability. Among a people with whom unreasonableness is almost a point of national honor, Urho Kekkonen is, above all else, an eminently reasonable man. When I asked him, not long ago, how it happened that he, alone of the non-Communist heads of government in Europe, had signed the Stockholm "Peace" Appeal, he answered pettishly: "Why shouldn't I? The Stockholm petition called for peace and we in Finland want peace."

Kekkonen's answer was apparently as unsatisfactory to him as it was to me, for when I rose to go later he said to me slowly, thoughtfully, placatingly: "Before you judge us, try to visualize our position. Compare us with Florida, stuck by geography onto a vast land mass peopled by one of the world's two most powerful nations. Should we antagonize our great neighbor? Or should we do everything we can to get along with it?"

Just then I could remember Jan Masaryk, before he fell or was pushed from the high window of his apartment in Prague's Foreign Ministry, saying almost the same words. Kekkonen's point of view has prompted a bitter political pun in Helsinki: "We must beware lest our Premier make Finland a Kekkoslovakia."

It was not, ironically, the Kremlin that engineered Kekkonen's appointment as Premier in March, 1950. His nomination came as a matter of political course following the re-election of

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eighty-year-old Juho Paasikivi, Finland's elder statesman, as President. The law required Paasikivi to request the leader of the largest party to form a Government, and Kekkonen's Agrarians had a narrow plurality over the Social Democrats, who had run things prior to the election.

The Politburo itself could hardly have picked a more useful non-Communist politician. From the first, Kekkonen emphasized his aim of "normalizing relations" with the Soviet Union. Ever since, "normalizing" has meant making concessions to the Russians.

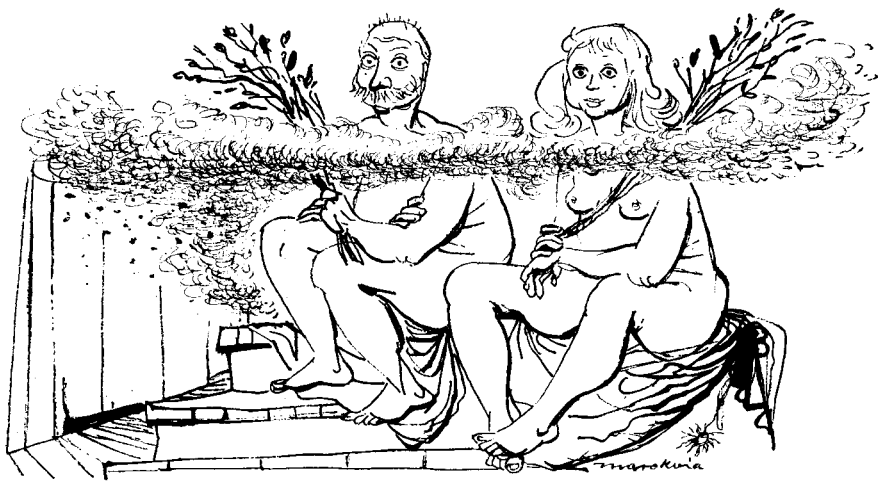
Kekkonen made his first bow to the East a few days after his appointment. At the risk of Russian reprisal—a risk few peoples but the Finns would have dared to run—Premier Fagerholm, in 1948, had booted the Communists out of his Cabinet. Premier Kekkonen in 1950 immediately proposed that they be reincluded. Finland, he declared, needed a government in which *all* parties were represented—and, besides, such a move would greatly please "our great eastern neighbor."

The Social Democrats and Conservatives angrily refused, and so Kekkonen was—temporarily at least—frustrated in his design. He speaks frequently and wistfully, however, of a "Red-Green coalition," and he assiduously avoids sharp attacks on the Communists.

His second move to "normalize" Finland's relations with Russia was to go to Moscow and, amidst much show of friendship and much flow of vodka, to sign a long-term trade treaty with the Soviets. Kekkonen claims this as his greatest success.

The Opposition has pointed out that the treaty hailed by Kekkonen has, to a very considerable degree, tied Finland's trade to Russia and cost the Finns a great deal of freedom of economic action.

Nothing Kekkonen and his Cabinet have done has soured U.S. and western European diplomats quite so much as their signature—almost en masse—of the Stockholm "Peace" Appeal last summer. There are a good many mysterious reasons hinted at for the signatures: a secret visit of the Russian Minister at Helsinki to Kekkonen, dire threats to would-be holdouts, pressures and promises. The hard facts remain that the leaders of both the Social



Democratic and the Conservative Parties bluntly refused to sign the petition, and that the whole cynical scheme had been exposed and denounced by the leaders of non-Communist Europe.

Tor Meinander, one member of Kekkonen's Cabinet, told me ruefully, in private: "We had no idea our signatures would attract so much attention. I don't think many of us would do it again." Yet no one in the Cabinet has repudiated the petition publicly, and the Communist "World Partisans of Peace" have exploited the gesture with great energy.

To "normalize relations" with Russia, Kekkonen felt it necessary last fall to lend his presence to a session of the Soviet-directed International Organization of Journalists in Helsinki and to listen dutifully as spokesmen for the world Communist press flailed away at the West. To "normalize relations" with the Soviets, Kekkonen appeared prominently not long ago at the opening of a traveling exhibit of Soviet "art" that contained, among heroic portraits of Stalin and Lenin, vicious cartoons of President Truman and other western statesmen.

An even more recent effort by Kekkonen to placate the implacable men of Moscow has been made in the case of the Aaland Islands, a strategically important archipelago separating the Gulf of Bothnia from the Baltic Sea between Finland and Sweden. For twenty-nine years the Aalands had been a semi-autonomous territory of Finland under terms of an old League of Nations guarantee. But Russia, ruthlessly determined to exclude "non-Baltic powers" from any voice in the area, had demanded that the Finns in effect repudiate that international guarantee. It was obviously a question for the Finns and the Aalanders alone; Russian interference was a clear intrusion on Finnish sovereignty. Nevertheless Kekkonen, in the interests of "normal relations," submitted to the Soviet demand.

All these obeisances to the East do not mean that Kekkonen has completely surrendered his nation to the Kremlin. Few even among his opponents can bring themselves to believe that he will—or that he can. I asked Vaino Tanner, elder statesman of the Social Democrats and one of the Finns most hated by Russia, if he thought Kekkonen would sell out Finland. "No," he replied gravely. "After all, Kekkonen is a Finn."

Be that as it may, the Premier can convincingly claim to be Moscow's Finn. A short time ago, his political opponents forced him to face a vote of confidence in the Finnish Diet. He just barely survived the vote: The margin of his victory was the solid bloc of Communists, who cast their ballots for him to a man.

If the Finns are worried about the political direction in which Kekkonen is leading them, they are equally worried about the economic crisis that has marked his Administration. In the realm of economics also, he has shown great pliability and little courage.

It cannot be denied that Finland has had a brutal economic burden to bear since the war. The Russians have squeezed nearly $225 million in reparations from the little nation; they forced the Finns to receive and resettle 400,000 refugees from the

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Karelian Isthmus, another Soviet prize of war.

Yet by spring of last year Finland had lifted itself up, virtually by its own economic bootstraps, to a level of production and prosperity higher than before the war. It continued to meet, with the punctuality which has so justly won it the special regard of Americans, the payments on its post-First World War debt to the United States. It kept far ahead of schedule on its reparations payments to Moscow. It even took a loan of some four million dollars that the Kremlin in one of its clumsier attempts at political bribery, had virtually forced it to accept, and quietly banked it to be handed back to Russia at due date.

Premier Fagerholm had maintained the delicate and precarious balance of the Finnish economy at the expense of his own popularity among the farmers and even his own labor-union supporters. Premier Kekkonen, who himself hailed from the city but whose votes hailed from the country—he is called "the asphalt agrarian"—upset that balance during his first days in office. He raised the ceilings on farm prices and the dam burst.

For a full year, Finland has been spinning in a dizzy inflationary spiral that has jeopardized all the economic gains made since the war. Industrial workers, who had been restive under Fagerholm, grew rebellious under Kekkonen. Their rebellion was climaxed in a strike that lasted two unhappy months last fall, brought enforced idleness to one of every three Finnish industrial workers, and for the first time imperiled reparations deliveries.

An American newspaperman visiting Finland last spring painted a bright picture of economic conditions. "The Finns," he reported, "have managed to restore their prewar living standards and, in some cases, even exceed them. Wages have outstripped rents and prices. An hour's wages today will buy 22 per cent more milk, 18 per cent more potatoes, 17 per cent more butter and four per cent more meat than in 1938."

A correspondent arriving less than a year later could find no such cause for cheer. Prices of all goods had shot up. Hoarding was prevalent. Exports were at a record high in a world seller's market, but still the economy was gravely out of balance. And a United Nations report confirmed the bad news the Finns had gloomily suspected—that their cost of living had risen nearly fifty per cent more than that in any other European country in 1950.

Finnish freedom of action in foreign affairs is closely circumscribed. A mutual-aid treaty with Russia keeps the Finns isolated from the West as much as geography does. A provision in the peace treaty prohibits "propaganda hostile to the Soviet Union or to any of the other United Nations." This has not prevented Finland's Communists from scurrilous attacks on the West, but it has silenced direct criticism of Soviet policy by the anti-Communist eighty per cent of the population.

There are also Russian restrictions on Finnish economic independence. Kekkonen's trade treaty, which will direct at least a third of Finland's foreign commerce to Russia by 1952, is only one. For five years, reparations have been another. So has Russia's seizure of German private assets in Finland: The two moving-picture theaters that show Russian propaganda films in Helsinki are owned by the Soviet Union; Seximo, Finland's biggest export-import firm, is a Soviet property.

Still, within the boundaries imposed by defeat and the dread proximity of the Soviet Empire, the Finns have held the ramparts of political and economic freedom. Finnish editorialists may not be free to train their sights on the Soviet Union—in these days of Communist aggression against the free world

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in Asia the editorial pages of the papers in Helsinki sound as remote from reality as if they were written on the outermost rings of Saturn. But they can, and do, fire away with verbal broadsides at Finland's own Communists. And the news columns of Finnish papers are factual and complete, so that Finns do have a chance to read western criticisms of the Kremlin even if they dare not offer their own.

Since the Communist-created political police was destroyed by Fagerholm, Finland has been under the rule of law in the best western tradition. The Finns are publicly circumspect in their comments about the Soviet Union; privately they say what they please, without fear. And what they say is rarely flattering.

Finnish unions have a heavy Communist membership, but to date the Reds have not been able to wrest control back from the tough Social Democratic unionists. That was shown dramatically when the Socialists decided to accept a compromise solution of last fall's strikes to save the land from total economic chaos. The Communists demanded that the walkout continue; they were beaten in a vote and the strikers returned. Furthermore, despite union strength, Finland's economy is still capitalist and the "bourgeois" forces are stronger, in fact, than in any other Baltic country.

Finally, although Finland could hardly be said to have freedom of action in the conduct of its foreign affairs, neither has it been bound slavishly to the Soviet line. The mutual-aid pact calls for Finnish support of the Soviets only if Finland is used as a western invasion route to Russia. And, despite the tightening bonds to the Soviet economy, the Finns have not been formally drawn into the Molotov Plan.

All this the Finns have still to lose. Their land is not yet a Soviet satellite, but it is far closer to the brink than it was a year ago. And it is after they peer over the brink that the Finns shudder and take a deep swig of potent *akvavit* or a swallow of black coffee. The entire world may be at the edge of a cataclysm; the ground seems already to be giving way under Finland.

Yet, perhaps only because they are a recklessly brave people, the Finns refuse to abandon all their traditional optimism. Worry? Yes. Despair? Not they.

—Ernest Leiser

The Stranger Who Swindled the Swiss

The sober Swiss were recently fascinated by the crime and punishment of an obscure swindler, one Enzo Kaufman. Even the aloof, high-minded *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* could not resist devoting full pages to the case as it slowly and methodically unfolded in the stuffy courtroom of Winterthur. Yet at the time nothing was heard about it across the Atlantic. This was a pity because, in committing his curious crime, Enzo Kaufman had also lived out a haunting political allegory.

The events that led Kaufman to the hushed courtroom began one day in 1945 when he stopped in front of a store window in Zürich. In the window were stamps for sale. A fantastic idea took hold of Kaufman. Then and there, he later related, he conceived the scheme of buying up enough stamps to corner a portion of the market and control prices. Others had become fabulously rich by manipulating all sorts of commodity markets. Why not stamps?

There was only one hitch. Enzo Kaufman had no money. To get some, he had to borrow. He started to borrow money in a small way from friends and acquaintances. Since he always paid them back punctually, he found it easy to get more. As he needed bigger and bigger sums, however, he had to enlarge the range of his operations. The ease with which he got money from people, some of them utter strangers, proved to be his undoing. In two years, he amassed a debt of 12,000,000 Swiss francs (almost $2,800,000). Solid, successful, respectable Swiss businessmen gave him all the money he wanted and forced even more upon him—a baker, a printer, a butcher, a bank official, a garage owner, and even the commandant of the Lostorf internment camp, about twenty in all.

At first Kaufman bought stamps, thousands of them. His mind was so set on buying them up that he never even bothered to sell any of them. He held on to them tenaciously because he was convinced that the longer he waited the higher prices would go and the more spectacular his final coup.

The stamp mania might have gone on much longer if Enzo had not discovered a new one. In the summer of 1946, he became obsessed with the belief that he had solved the problem of the ages, the quest for perpetual motion. In his case, it took the form of what he described as a "quicksilver turbine." It came out at the trial that this was one of the dreams of his childhood. Now the grown man flung all his energies into the construction of a machine that would make him both rich and great.

From this time on, Kaufman was haunted by the fear that secret forces were conspiring to steal his invention. A carpenter testified that Kaufman permitted him to work only on separate parts of the machine in order to conceal how the entire thing functioned. A Bern lawyer testified that Kaufman's application for a patent was turned down because Kaufman refused to submit any information about the crucial part of his

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device, the motor. He preferred to do without a patent than to take the slightest risk of losing his secret.

Kaufman's house of cards collapsed in July, 1947. Some of his creditors—most of them still believed in him and others were richer than before, thanks to him—suspected him of insolvency and drew up a complaint. In desperation, Kaufman at last brought himself to part with his stamps. Still not willing to sell them, he took them to a pawnbroker. He tried to call off his most pressing creditors, but an unlucky incident led to his arrest.

A Lucerne lawyer advised him, in December, 1947, to make a trip to Italy, the land of his birth, to get financial help from old friends. Kaufman, who still believed in himself, protested that the trip might be misunderstood as flight. But he permitted himself to be persuaded and set out for Italy. He was arrested on December 22 at the border on the train.

It took over two years for the authorities to put together the bare facts. Not until 1950 was Kaufman's trial held. On the face of it, Kaufman was an embezzler and a psychopath suffering from delusions of grandeur. But if that were all, the case of Enzo Kaufman would hardly have attracted so much attention, embezzlers and psychopaths not being too rare even in respectable Switzerland. What chiefly puzzled the president of the court, Dr. Tschopp, was the secret of Kaufman's success.

How could an almost penniless refugee, a musician by profession, induce so many responsible Swiss businessmen to trust him with their money, and so much money? How could an ancient fantasy take hold of a man today and, above all, how could he get it to take hold of others? How could a man so obviously abnormal make normal people believe in him?

At the time of his trial, Enzo Kaufman was forty-three years old, a dark, brooding, high-strung man with sharp features, deep eyes, and beautiful hands. He talked with quiet, fanatical conviction, obviously persuaded that he was being persecuted as all great men have been and that the charge of swindling was only a pretext for stealing his brain child from him.

He was born in Milan of upper-middle-class parents. A talented musician, Enzo graduated from the Music Conservatory of Bologna in 1926 at the age of nineteen. He spent the next nine years giving piano concerts all over Europe. From time to time, however, he was so hard up that he had to sell insurance on the side. That was the first omen of what was going to happen to Kaufman the artist.

The great shake-up in Enzo's life was not his doing but Mussolini's. In 1935 Enzo had married the head of a dancing school in Milan, taking charge of the musical side of the business. Four years later, the war broke out and Mussolini stepped up his anti-Semitism. Enzo Kaufman was taken off to a concentration camp and his wife was forced to close down her dancing school.

When Kaufman was released from camp, his sporadic business experience came to his rescue. Everyone was trying to beat the runaway inflation by investing in "real values." Enzo heard that some people were making mad profits out of paintings, jewels, and stamps. With what money he had he began to dabble in stamps. He did not make big money but he made enough to keep going. However, the war was not yet through with Kaufman. The Allies landed in southern Italy; the Germans moved into northern Italy, and Enzo decided the time had come to get out. With his wife and only son he fled to Switzerland in September, 1943. They were interned in a camp for refugees at Lostorf. Luckily, Enzo's wife had been brought up in Zürich. Some friends heard of her plight and got them out of the internment camp.

Again Enzo had to make something of his life, if only to make ends meet. In desperation, he went back to his first

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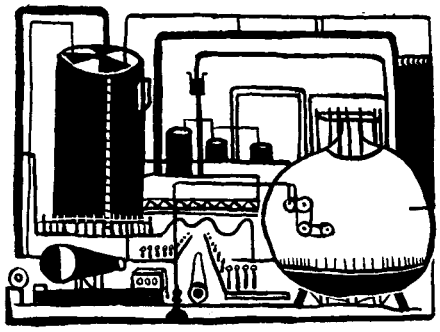
love, his music. He obtained a piano and worked at it furiously. After over a year of intense effort, he appeared as soloist with the famous Tonhalle orchestra of Zürich, and the reception was unusually favorable. That was in April, 1945. He was invited to give other concerts throughout Switzerland and even a foreign tour was contemplated.

And just about this time, Enzo happened to stop in front of a window displaying stamps in Zürich.

What was the secret of Kaufman's success? As in the case of that other extraordinary swindler, the late German Führer, many of his dupes could not bring themselves to believe that he had tricked them or to bear a grudge against him. They were ordinary people who could have seen through anything merely irrational. The trouble was that Kaufman's irrational desires happened to fit into their own rational ones.

When Kaufman started borrowing, he made a point of paying back not only punctually, but with profit. In order to do so, he had to increase the size of each loan. This was possible because, by repaying loans with interest, he created the impression that he was doing a very profitable business. Friends and acquaintances whispered to their friends and acquaintances that they knew a way to make an easy franc. Once the system started, Kaufman had no trouble at all getting money. When the amazed but kindly court president, Dr. Tschopp, asked him how he did it, Kaufman answered calmly: "It went quite automatically." Kaufman even complained that people began to force money on him, that he was given more money than he wanted. He said mournfully: "Too bad that it was so easy for me to borrow money. But most of these gentlemen only earned money thereby and lost nothing." In fact, some of them were the professional



moneylenders to whom Kaufman resorted at the end. One extorted thirty-five per cent interest from him in four months, another forty-five per cent. As long as he paid them back even at such usurious rates, they did not inquire too closely into the nature of his "business."

One moneylender dragged in another. The owner of a bakery in Zürich lent Kaufman 500,000 francs ($116,000). One day the baker confided to the owner of a garage that he had given Kaufman "millions of francs" and had always gotten them back punctually and the profit was wonderful. The garageman was a cautious type, who did not like the idea of handing out money so lightly. But he made the mistake of telling the story to some of his relatives, who urged him to get in on the good thing. So he conquered his qualms and asked Kaufman to take 150,000 francs ($35,000).

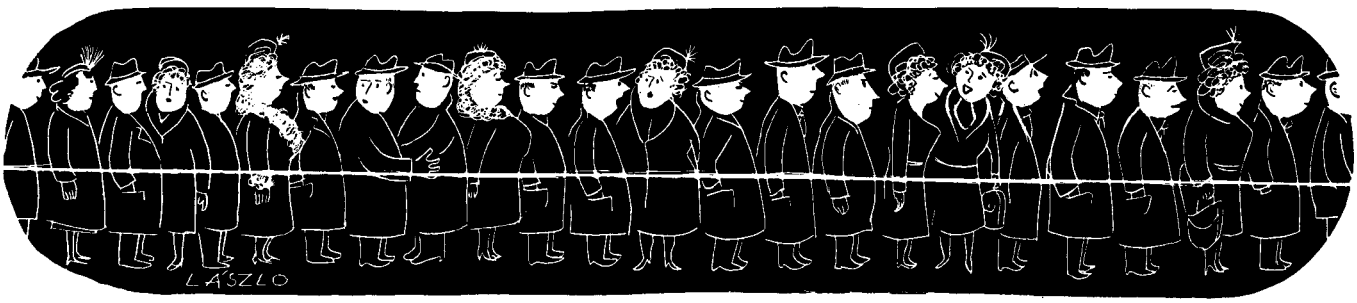
In fact, few creditors had any hard feelings against Kaufman. Most of them took the attitude that they had lost out in a legitimate business deal. After all, they had him to thank for their past profits. He had fallen down on them only once, even though that unfortunately was the last and most expensive time. Many business deals were like that, good so long and then, for one reason or another, a disappointment. One had to be philosophical about such things.

Moreover, not all the people who had given Kaufman money had lost it. One man, a photographer, refused to join the other creditors for the simple reason that he had made money. Kaufman insisted that he had received about 4,000,000 francs ($930,000) from this photographer and had paid him back no less than 6,000,000 ($1,400,000). There came a moment at the trial when Kaufman's lawyer won some sympathy for him by relating how this photographer had made life miserable for Kaufman by demanding more and more money. Kaufman, never the professional businessman, used to get rid of him by giving in, only to make up for it by touching someone else for even more. It was a vicious circle, and Kaufman's victims were not always the only ones to be pitied.

Kaufman talked about himself and his creditors at the trial without bitterness and even with a certain dark, philosophical detachment. He had spent some time at a hospital for nervous disorders and he was obviously no longer the same man. Yet it was worth listening to him for a suggestion of how his mind had worked. It could be seen that part of his power over other people came from the fact that he was only an amateur. He covered his operations with half-formed, occult references that must have impressed some minds that here was an unusual man.

Some hint of his past manner, no doubt in a most exaggerated form, came out at the trial. For example, he once expressed himself with the most deadly seriousness as follows:

"Who are these people? Man comes from protoplasm or, if we want to go back even farther, from atoms. We are all people. These people surely would not want to make untruthful statements, but there are people for whom the most important thing in the world in *sacro egoismo*. I am an exception; I never wanted to hurt anyone, although I see today that a wrong was done.



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Everyone defends himself in his own way, even as protoplasm. I don't defend myself. I live in a different sphere from other people, but I understand that a businessman judges everything on the basis of *sacro egoismo*. I don't deserve this trial. I don't feel guilty."

Throughout the trial, Kaufman insisted on his essential innocence. He would go only so far as to admit: "I didn't want to do anything wrong, but something wrong happened or else I wouldn't be here." When the judge accused him of betraying other people's trust, he cried out: "There is a big difference between fraud—a frightful word!—and a man who needs to tell a lie because he is subjected to pressure from all sides." Again, when the judge scolded him for trying to obtain the unattainable, Kaufman answered in the style of a nineteenth-century Russian novel: "Yes, all life is disappointment." In a certain sense, everyone came to believe in Kaufman's sincerity. He really intended to pay back the last person by borrowing even more from the next one. He really believed in his own fantasies. But that did not explain why anyone else did.

Perhaps the real secret of Enzo Kaufman's success, such as it was, was in the perpetual-motion machine. It may have been an old illusion, but it was no older than that of world conquest, and both may still be possible for the same reason.

In a world where too many people do not know what to believe in, at least Enzo Kaufman believed in something and believed in it fanatically. This was his "quicksilver turbine," which, he believed, would earn him a place in history beside Moses, Christ, and Galileo. He was perfectly capable of developing marked symptoms of quicksilver poisoning, as if his machine, which could cause it, were already in operation. There was only one thing that could make him lose his head and shout with anger. This was the slightest expression of doubt in the existence or importance of his discovery.

Before he deceived anyone else, Kaufman thoroughly deceived himself. It was much harder to establish how he deceived others because, by the time the trial was held, they could no longer afford to admit that they had been fooled so easily. The patent lawyer, the commandant of the Lostorf camp, and an art dealer had even signed an agreement with Kaufman to exploit the machine. They had figured on making a profit of at least 30,000,000 francs ($7,100,000), which they split up among themselves on paper. When the lawyer took the stand, he was asked to account for this absurdity. First, he replied, he thought that Kaufman was a rich man from the way he borrowed big sums and paid them back. If he could make so much money, he must have been a man of practical experience. He never questioned Kaufman's basis for believing in the machine be-

cause he knew that Kaufman would not permit anyone to say a word against it. Besides, he understood very little about science.

If it was hard to believe that this lawyer was so easily taken in, the next witness was even less convincing. He took the stand as a technical expert. He scoffed at Kaufman's invention, assured the court that it could never function, and dismissed the prototype as a "primitive" piece of child's play. But this was not all. It turned out on cross-examination that this same expert had not always had such a low opinion of Kaufman's machine. The commandant had called him in to look it over three years before. Those present at the original demonstration testified that he had been "enthusiastic" about it. The expert did not try to deny the charge. Such contradictions were, of course, hard to swallow. Or was it merely proof that there are experts to be fooled in everything always?

The trial dragged on for over two weeks. The essential facts were never in dispute. Enzo Kaufman had borrowed money and had not paid it back. But was Kaufman sane enough to be sentenced? A psychiatrist, Professor Binder of the sanatorium at Rheinau, told the court that Kaufman could distinguish between right and wrong intellectually. His disease was emotional. When he wanted something, it was with such psychopathic urgency that he could talk himself into anything—quicksilver poisoning, the inheritance of four billion dollars from America, the persecution he had to suffer in behalf of his monumental invention in common with the greatest men in history. For him the line between fantasy and reality was almost nonexistent. What he needed, Professor Binder concluded, was hospitalization, not imprisonment.

But what about the moneylenders? They were not psychopaths. Neither the public prosecutor, Dr. Hagenbüchli, nor the defense attorney, Dr. Rittener, wasted any sympathy on them. The so-called victims gave Kaufman money on a purely speculative basis. Could they protest if their business judgment had proved unsound? The prosecutor pointed out that almost all the losers had made money at first. Then, as he put it, "They danced around the golden calf in ecstasy." If Kaufman was guilty of anything, he explained, it was not of losing their money in a business enterprise but of having deceived them. Kaufman had obtained the money by promising to invest it in stamps; instead, he had used the loans to repay previous creditors. This was his crime, that he had misled them, even if they had made greedy fools of themselves. And for this he had to pay. But the prosecutor was indulgent. He said that according to Swiss law Kaufman's offense called for eight years or more in prison. But in view of the defendant's condition, he asked the judge to sentence him to three years in prison or to put him in a sanatorium. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty but supported the prosecutor's recommendation, and the judge accepted it.

And so the enlightened Swiss found Enzo Kaufman guilty of being sick. He was in a way as sick as the system he shared with the world's greatest would-be conquerors—a system that could fail only once—the last time, catastrophically. —THEODORE DRAPER

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The Legend Of the Golden Ruble

When Soviet representatives in Switzerland began selling four-hundred-ounce gold bars for American dollars in February, students of Soviet economics joined the sophisticated Swiss bankers in a quiet chuckle. Almost a year had passed since the Kremlin had triumphantly placed the ruble on the "gold standard" because of the alleged weakness and instability of the dollar. Students of Soviet politics found the news less amusing. This was not because Soviet economists were taking advantage of high European gold prices without the inconveniences to which several New York gold smugglers had been subjected in their attempts to do the same thing. It was because, from the standpoint of politics and propaganda, the "gold-standard ruble" has been a success.

Strictly speaking, the pre-1950 Soviet ruble was hardly money at all. It was not convertible into gold, silver, or any foreign currency; it could not be exported from or imported into the Soviet Union; its gold backing, if any, was never published, nor were figures on notes in circulation. Its buying power had fallen about ninety-eight per cent in twenty years. For three decades, during which Russia claimed the invention of radio, the incandescent lamp, the airplane, television, and the atomic bomb, the Soviet government had measured its own foreign trade in dollars.

Then, before Senator McCarthy could say "subversive," the New York *Times* was headlining a front-page story SOVIET PUTS RUBLE ON GOLD STANDARD. "Gold standard," to the westerner, means convertibility into gold—a luxury the American dollar has not been able to afford since 1933.

How was it done? The basic technique was the ancient Soviet one of the blatant lie.

After the First World War the Soviet Union went through an inflation as disastrous as that in Germany. When officials got tired of writing zeros and retail trade had all but disappeared in 1922 for want of a medium of exchange, the Soviet government stabilized the ruble at roughly fifty American cents, issued a very small quantity of new gold-backed currency, and completely disavowed the old. Almost all bank accounts, insurance policies, and pensions became worthless, except in the rare cases where the Kremlin saw fit to honor such obligations for political reasons. For several years Soviet leaders made strenuous efforts to impress the world with the new Soviet ruble's integrity. They guaranteed its convertibility into other currencies under certain circumstances and held prices down within reasonable limits during the "New Economic Policy" period of the early and middle 1920's, when capitalism was breathing its final gasps in Russia.

When the first Five Year Plan began in 1928, tremendous allocations were made for heavy industrial construction, the expansion of transportation, and agricultural mechanization. At the same time farm collectivization cut crops so severely that millions of Russians starved. To meet these extraordinary circumstances the Soviet government found increased taxation inadequate, and fell back on the old technique of printing money. Again inflation was rampant. The price of a kilogram of black bread rose from fifteen kopeks in 1930 to a ruble in 1936 and to five rubles in 1947. Between 1922 and 1942 prices multiplied by about fifty, although no accurate figures are available. This meant that forty-nine fiftieths of the money saved by the Soviet worker during this period was taken away from him and thrown into the wide, deep gap of Soviet deficits. The Russian who bought five per cent government bonds and thought he was doing well was actually losing some five per cent of his principal every year because of planned inflation.

During the Second World War more and more rubles were printed. In the turmoil of invasion millions of rubles were embezzled, lost, and destroyed. After V-E Day Soviet soldiers who had invaded eastern and central Europe brought home zlotys and lei, marks and koruny, which began circulating illegally at confused rates of exchange.

When the Soviet citizen had any economic surplus he bought gold, old Czarist silver coins, pre-New Deal large-sized greenbacks or, sometimes, completely worthless foreign bonds and bank notes printed by unscrupulous swindlers (and perhaps by the Soviet government itself) and sold to the public at enormous prices.

Under these circumstances few Russians were surprised when in December, 1947, all currency was called in and exchanged, in most cases at the rate of one ruble for ten, for new bank notes issued only to those who could account satisfactorily for the money in their possession. As in 1922, the nest eggs of millions of Soviet citizens were wiped out and again a new currency was put into circulation under strict government control. The difference was that this time no pretense was made of maintaining convertibility. The 1948 ruble was not allowed to circulate outside the frontiers of the Soviet Union. Trade agreements between Moscow and its satellites continued to measure exports and imports in American dollars, though of course no dollars actually were exchanged.

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On February 14, 1950, when the text of the Chinese treaty was published, Russians read that their government had decided to give China credit to "the sum of three hundred million American dollars."

Although prices were held down by strict regulations, the Soviet citizen still felt no great confidence in the ruble. Greasy old greenbacks were as sought after as ever, while foreign fellow travelers found it difficult to explain how a nation as powerful and prosperous as the Soviet Union had a currency so weak as to be unusable in foreign trade.

Troubled by all of these liabilities, misfortunes, and weaknesses, the propaganda alchemists of the Politburo met in Moscow early in 1950 and decided to convert them by decree into a gigantic asset.

The results of their efforts appeared in all Moscow newspapers on March 1, 1950. ON THE TRANSFER OF THE RUBLE TO A GOLD BASIS AND THE INCREASE IN THE RATE OF THE RUBLE WITH RELATION TO FOREIGN CURRENCY read the unwieldy headline over the new decree:

"The currency reform of 1947 liquidated the results of the war in currency circulation and restored the full value of the ruble. Reduction of prices from 1947 to 1950 and the abolition of ration cards led to even greater strength in the ruble, increased its buying power and strengthened it with relation to foreign currency. . . . Concurrently in the West and in the United States particularly inflation reduced the buying power of the dollar. . . . The Soviet Government has therefore decided to fix the value of the ruble on the basis of gold, not on the basis of the American dollar . . . and therefore (1) fixes the value of the ruble at 0.222168 gram of pure gold; (2) fixes the buying price for the state bank of the U.S.S.R. of gold as of March, 1950, to be four rubles and forty-five kopeks for one gram of pure gold; (3) fixes the exchange rate of the ruble with foreign currency on the basis of the gold value of the ruble; four rubles for one American dollar with appropriate rates for other foreign currencies."

While fixing the buying price of gold for the State Bank, the order did not instruct the state bank to convert any rubles into gold, as many inquisitive Muscovites rapidly discovered. Neither did it make possible the conversion of rubles into dollars, pounds, or other currencies of countries where consumers' goods were available at prices one-half, one-fifth, and one-tenth those current in Moscow in terms of the exchange rates fixed. Officials of governments having trade agreements in dollars with the Soviet government remained in ignorance for several weeks until articles in Soviet trade journals made it clear that the new gold ruble would not affect them at all. In nearly all cases trade agreements had stipulated commodities in tons or other units.

But the West was, by and large, baffled by the Soviet alchemy. Newspapermen read releases and wrote stories, which were printed in their newspapers. Economists have never been able to make clear to others (if they understand it themselves) the nature of the controlled currency in a totalitarian state, and millions of uninformed westerners, along with further millions of misinformed Soviet citizens, were led to believe that the incredible Russians, heaven knows how, had again done the impossible by putting the ruble on a gold basis when every other currency in the world, including the dollar, was losing value at alarming rates.

An economic liability had been converted into a political asset, a debit had become a credit, black had become white.

Of course sooner or later people will realize that the Soviet ruble is still not convertible and will still buy only a small fraction of what twenty-five cents will buy in America and corresponding sums in Swedish, French, and British currency will buy in their respective countries. When they do, if they are Soviet citizens they will again search around for some battered greenbacks when they have some extra money. If they are fellow travelers in the western world they will counter caustic comment with the observation that the cost of living is going up all over the United States, perhaps mentioning the price cuts the Soviet government was able to institute at the end of February, but surely ignoring the fact that rubles, as of January, still went for 27.5 to the dollar in east European black markets.

In the meantime the Kremlin has scored a real triumph in turning weakness into strength. It has successfully applied dialectic principles to fiscal policy and created an impression in many parts of the world that the ruble is a real currency, valued for the things it can buy, and an effective rival to the dollar—in short, all the things they hope it may become in twenty years.

—JOHN SCOTT

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The British: Selfish Traders Or Skillful Diplomats?

The old crack that the English are a nation of shopkeepers is in the air again. American opinion, it seems, suspects that British foreign policy is corrupted by trading interests. Why does Britain recognize the Communist government at Peking? Why does it still want to go on talking to Peking when British soldiers are being killed by the Chinese in Korea?

The answer seems clear to some Americans: fear of losing the colonial possessions of Hong Kong and Malaya, and the Far Eastern trade. Or take the British attitude on the Russian move for four-power talks. Great efforts were made in London to make the meeting possible, and a large slice of British opinion is certainly willing to abandon the rearming of West Germany if the Russians will make some concessions in return. Again some people are hinting at commercial interests: Britain is doing a lot of trading with Russia, selling rubber and buying feed grains. All in all, it may be useful to explain how these matters look when seen from London.

First, remember the difference in approach, so familiar to those who know both the United States and Britain. Americans, I think, like to see big issues in black and white. One is either right or wrong; an action or a principle is either good or evil. Americans feel unsafe in the halftones of detachment and compromise. Britons, on the other hand, abhor the raw glare of extreme views. They distrust the logical conclusion, the last resort. The whole art of living, in their view, consists in never letting it come to the last resort. In public affairs, they seek to face practical problems as they arise, but to avoid final decisions on large issues whenever they can.

These characteristics are not accidental; they have been shaped by geography and history. When people say in angry tones that Britain fits policies to business, they are merely stating the obvious in such a way that it sounds wicked. It is one of the platitudes of the century that Britain is an international power centered on a small, exposed, vastly overpopulated island and living by trade.

Let us look a little further into this basic fact. The British Empire in its heyday was always maritime, not continental. Long before Queen Victoria was crowned Empress, British foreign policy was concerned with keeping the east-west sea routes around the Old World open for shipping, and creating the political conditions along coasts through which trade could flow freely. Britain has always had its eyes firmly fixed on the ocean line from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, the

Indian Ocean, the western and southern Pacific, and the African Cape.

Apart from Canada, the modern Commonwealth is still strung along these maritime highways, and all its larger members open out on the sea, not on their respective continents. It was from the sea that Britain became interested in Egypt and the Middle East, in Southeast Asia and China, and the main object of British power in all these areas has always been to make shipping safe and let trade prosper. To achieve this, policy had to aim above all at keeping the peace.

Until 1914, when the system broke down, the Pax Britannica was kept going cheaply by sea power and diplomacy, and when it came to fighting —usually after the lion's tail had been twisted for a long time—the war aim was to quiet down some ambitious movement that might, in time, upset trade. Until 1914 it was firmly assumed that the patient British power could always, in the last resort, defend any part of the sea-strung Empire.

Even then, far-seeing Britishers knew that the thin line of the ocean forts would not hold if challenged by a large new land power with new weapons. They taught British diplomats that it was their business to stop events from reaching the last resort. Just as paper money circulates freely so long as people have confidence in its value, even when there is no gold to back it, so peace can be maintained for a long time simply by skillful avoidance of a head-on clash. The First World War seemed to confirm the policy. The strategic changes of the last ten years have not weakened it. The world has shrunk; sea power is no longer decisive; air power has made the position of a small island extremely difficult in an all-out war. The British people

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proved in 1939 that they are capable of accepting a challenge, even on apparently hopeless terms, when they are convinced that there is no other way. But they take a lot of convincing. All their instincts, all their experience tell them that the present division of the world should be dealt with by resourceful diplomacy and limited containing actions rather than by forcing a showdown.

No one likes a conservative power. A challenge lifts the heart; a compromise makes the spirit sink. I suspect that American critics think Britain has grown too careful of its possessions and trade. But when the difference between challenge and compromise is that of war and peace, all of us prefer the whirr of wheels to the thunder of guns. For Britain, the preservation of peace is the preservation of trade—not just British trade but everybody's trade. In two world wars this island country fought on the savings of its past. Since the end of the second war it has just (with large American help) got its head a little above water. If production goes on increasing as it has done lately and if world trade remains reasonably prosperous, the prospects of rebuilding a fairly settled trading pattern by which Britain can live are not bad. Even with heavy rearmament Britain could probably manage to get its imports and pay its way, not with any safe margin but without tumbling from crisis to crisis.

The British recovery has been a difficult job, but it was, I think, quite skillfully done. It could not have been done without the restoration, at least in large part, of the prewar pattern of international trade. This has been an American policy objective—often pressed hard against British reservations—ever since the Atlantic Charter of 1941. But it has been achieved, in the end, by British at least as much as by American exertions. While the United States helped Europeans to their feet, Britain pushed out year after year large capital investments to Africa and Asia in order to avert an economic collapse there. This was done with real sacrifice and against heavy public opposition. Whether it was right or wrong, it brought vast areas of the world back into international trade.

After a succession of false starts, a trade system has at last begun to emerge that holds out hope of a long-term balance between dollar and non-dollar trade—the only basis on which a relaxation of trade and exchange restrictions is possible. The balance is still so precarious that it can be upset if any fair-sized trade channel silts up again. The wish to keep all trade channels open is therefore a natural part of the British desire to preserve a peaceful world.

Inside this broad objective the particular trade with Russia or with Hong

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Kong plays a very minor part. Here are some of the figures. United Kingdom imports from the Soviet Union, consisting largely of coarse grains and some timber, amounted in the last three years to 27, 16, and 34 million pounds sterling respectively. That is just over one per cent of total British imports—about half as much as Britain gets from Sweden. British exports to Russia, including re-exports of imported goods, are even smaller; they make up less than one per cent of total U.K. exports. All the Iron Curtain countries taken together, including China and even taking in Hong Kong (as being partly a Chinese gateway), accounted last year for three per cent of all imports and less than four per cent of all exports of the United Kingdom—less than half as much as British trade with New Zealand.

Even if one looks only at the grain deals, they are not of overwhelming importance. In 1950 Britain bought (and got) from Russia about 750,000 tons of corn, barley, and oats—about one-third of total feed-grain imports. For 1951 the Soviets have contracted to ship to Britain nearly 900,000 tons of the same grains. Since crop prospects in Latin America are much better, Britain may get more from there and less from Russia. No other Communist country, incidentally, sells the U.K. any grain worth mentioning.

Feed-grain imports are important to the country because Britain is essentially a green land producing marvelous grass but uncertain grain crops: Meat, dairy items, and poultry are the most economic products of British agriculture. Coarse grains for feeding are fairly plentiful in the world. In most years the buyer can choose from a number of possible suppliers. What made the Russian contract significant in 1950, and previously in 1948, was the extreme dollar shortage from which Britain was then suffering. The Russians would take British industrial products and raw materials from the sterling area in return for their grain; the sterling-area producers were quite content to spend their credits on British goods.

It could be argued that Britain took the line of least resistance in buying where it could sell easily, rather than in the United States and Canada where its exporters first had to break into a difficult market. But there was no long-term arrangement with Russia. The British simply bought for a single season where it suited them best. And remember, they had very little time and no margin at all to avoid being stranded without food.

The grain contract signed in October, 1950, for the current year was rather a different matter, because the two-world tension had already flared up. But again there was no more in it than a single year's purchases; next year the British could switch to another supplier. The United States is acting on exactly the same principle: Imports of large quantities of manganese ore, a vital strategic material, have been coming regularly from the Soviet Union.

As for exports of rubber to Communist countries, even if one includes Hong Kong these did not amount to more than eighteen per cent of total shipments from sterling territories last year. In the second half of that year, in any case, the rubber could easily have been sold anywhere. Britain would have been pleased if demand had been less pressing, for its own manufacturers have to pay the scarcity prices now ruling on the rubber market.

Trade, in short, affects British foreign policy as a general motive, not as a factor in particular issues. What, then, of colonial possessions? Of course Hong Kong and the various Pacific outposts are greatly valued. Actual trade turnover with these places is quite small—one per cent or so of total British foreign trade. But there are British banks and merchant houses and port installations and homes out there. And there is history. One does not give up a piece of oneself very easily. But easily or not, Britain has in the last few years voluntarily given up vast areas of the East that it might have continued to hold for a time—the whole subcontinent of India, and Burma. That action gives perhaps the best key to current British policy. It is over a hundred years (1839) since Lord Durham, in his report to Canada, recommended self-government as a cure for rebellion. The British have tried it ever since, and no one can say that the cure has not worked. India, like South Africa and the rest, is today perfectly free to walk out of the club—but it hasn't done so.

The British people have some reason to think well of the policy that turned Indian fury into comradeship. The peaceful withdrawal of British power from India (and Pakistan and Burma) was a political triumph almost unique in history. The policy that won it was a blend of respect for Asian nationalism, belief that fair dealing pays, and graceful adjustment to inexorable forces. Naturally the British view of Asia is not far removed from Nehru's (whose mind works very often on British lines.) As members of an international group that the British regard as an element of world stability, they are bound to take the feelings of the other members constantly into account; as members of the Atlantic alliance they have to meet American views as far as they can, even when they think the views are mistaken. These are inescapable obligations of geography and association. They offer, I think, a more likely explanation of the recent Anglo-American divergence than can be found in economic interests.

—Richard Fry

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India Waits For Famine

South India has just gathered its spring harvest. The next crop doesn't come in until fall, and in some places not until December.

A few days ago a farmer thrust in front of my face a handful of the stuff he had just harvested. "Not even fodder," he said, shaking it. "Look."

It was rice straw, without a grain on it. He had planted it during two days of rain last fall, but no more rain had come and his well had gone dry. The rice plants had grown a few inches but produced nothing.

"What are we going to eat? What are we going to use for seed?" he asked me.

For the fourth successive year South India has had no fall rains. Although the last three years have been bad, this year even the ponds, irrigation reservoirs, and wells are going dry. Official records dating back to 1870 show no such prolonged siege of drought in the area.

The rest of the country is not much better off. Crops have failed in Bengal, in Bihar, in Bombay, in Kashmir, and in Gujerat. In Assam last summer there was the history-making earthquake, and the resulting landslide and floods, which destroyed not only crops but stores of grain. Other areas have had droughts or floods or both. Gujerat had locusts.

About six million tons of grain, it is estimated, have been wiped out by these natural calamities.

The sure, steady, inevitable approach of famine is a terrifying thing to watch. You see it in the parched fields, the dry well bottoms, the empty grain bins, the frightened eyes of the men and women, the sticklike arms and legs and the festering sores of the children. And the famine itself isn't here in the south yet. It is still approaching. By April, when the present crop has been consumed, it will arrive for some people here. Then it will strike tens of thousands more people each day unless grain starts coming in from somewhere.

Some of the villages I saw still had a couple of feet of water left in two or three of their wells, so a few fields had been irrigated. In Chittalapakan, near Madras, fifty acres out of the village's 250 had been irrigated and were ready to harvest. That would supply twenty-five families until the next harvest. Chittalapakan has 250 families.

In the village of Wiliaputti, not far from Madura, the villagers had been mixing sawdust with their millet to make it go further, for their own wells had dried up and they had to buy their grain from a town ten miles away. They were collecting firewood from

the nearby hills and carrying it ten miles to exchange for food. In that village you could count every rib on every man and child, as well as on every bullock.

It is not only the peasants who look with fear into the next six months. In the towns and cities food is the first and major topic: "Will the government distribute it properly? Above all, will it reach *me* and *my* family?"

The daily grain allotment in the cities has been cut from twelve ounces to nine, with only six or seven of this being rice—south India's staple food. "That is enough to last my family half the week," a white-collar worker in Madras told me. "I market on Sunday, and we can somehow make the ration last through Wednesday. But what am I supposed to do on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday?"

In the town of Chimalapatty in Madura district there are eight thousand hand-loom weavers and their families. It happens that there has been, simultaneously with the developing food shortage, a growing shortage of yarn. Although this has nothing to do with the food situation, conditions in Chimalapatty show how famine will strike every economic soft spot in the country, just as every human physical weakness will be hit, so that thousands will

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die of dysentery, cholera, anemia, malaria, and a dozen other diseases before many die of simple starvation. During the last month the weavers of Chimalapatty have had only a couple of days' work. They are in a grain-short area, but it is not on a government ration. This means that the impoverished weavers cannot possibly afford to buy grain on the inevitably rising market.

I watched women with their babies come into a small clinic on the outskirts of Chimalapatty. One silent infant of about ten months was covered with sores, scars, and scabs. It looked to me like smallpox.

"Scabies, from malnutrition," the doctor said quietly, and asked the mother what she and the baby had been eating.

"Peanut cake, for me," she said. "But only my milk for the baby. I thought you wouldn't want him to eat peanut cake."

The doctor nodded. Peanut cake is what is left over after the oil has been ground from peanuts and is normally used as fertilizer. It will ruin the intestinal tract of a human being within weeks.

This is the face of approaching famine at close range. From the slightly more distant vantage point of Delhi, it looks like an insoluble mathematical problem. In mid-February the central government had on hand a little less than 700,000 tons of food grains. The requests from the food-deficit states, which were almost feverish in their pitch by then, added up to five million tons. Already ordered from abroad (though delivery was not expected for some weeks) were some three and a half million tons—slightly more than India normally buys from foreign markets in a year. But as supplies dwindled, the government began to realize that its foreign needs would probably be at least twice normal.

That was the point at which Indian Parliament Members frantically appealed to the United States for grain. India was already negotiating for smaller amounts with Burma, Thailand, China, and Canada, and desperation had even driven New Delhi to open trade discussions with Pakistan in the hope of obtaining some of that nation's several hundred thousand tons of surplus food.

Grain imports, however quickly they come or in whatever quantities, cannot keep many Indians from starving this year. The administration is too loose, the controls too spotty, the loopholes for evasion too great, and the famine too near for a completely effective distribution of grain to every hungry district. But foreign grain can save many, perhaps most, of the hungry people, if it comes soon and in sufficient quantity.

The central government procures food grain from the areas and the producers who grow more than they themselves need, as well as from abroad. But the theory of procurement is prettier than the practice. The grower's resentment at both the controlled price and the visit of the procurement officer often causes him to switch his main cash crop from rice or wheat to something more profitable and not subject to government control. Also the lower level of administrators leave many loopholes for favored growers and landlords, so that slipping through the net is not too difficult and the black market consequently continues to flourish. One economist estimated that some twenty per cent of the grain yield in Madras alone is tied up in secret hoards whose owners are waiting for a good black-market price. State control of procurement, rather than central-government control, also allows the states with surpluses to be lenient with themselves at the cost of states that are fighting hard to keep their own people alive.

Distribution of grain at controlled prices by the government is, like procurement, uneven. The cities are on rations, but only if the state government's supply exceeds the amount needed for the city rations is any attempt made to distribute grain to the rural areas, which in theory grow enough to feed themselves. At the end of January, city rations throughout the country were slashed by twenty-five per cent. Consequently the supplies of many rural areas were suddenly cut off when they were most needed.

In other words, the setup is such that the central reservoir of grain has to be fairly well filled before the man at the far end of the pipeline gets any. And the men at the farthest end of the pipeline are the peasant whose crops have failed and the agricultural worker who is out of a job.

It would be blind sentimentality to believe that this situation could be changed radically in the next six months, during which the food shortage will reach famine proportions if the central reservoir isn't rapidly and amply replenished. But some emergency measures are already being planned that will carry free grain and "fair-priced" grain into some of the hardest-hit areas, even if not into all of them.

One of the major questions the famine threat raises is how far India should

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move toward a completely nationally controlled economy. There are those who believe that only with control of all agricultural produce, fixed prices on all edibles, and nation-wide rationing can India hope to pull itself out of the present emergency or, later, from its chronic hunger. Others insist that the economy must be completely free, with no controls whatsoever either on prices or on distribution, for the people are not disciplined enough to adhere to such controls. Torn between these two schools of thought, the government has done a half-and-half job, thus giving each side a large supply of ammunition.

Until now many people were somewhat anesthetized by the monotonous repetition of the Food Ministry's goal of "self-sufficiency by 1952." All that India needed, the Ministry's experts said, was a ten per cent increase in yield, which could be achieved through improvements such as more irrigation wells and the distribution of better seeds and fertilizers. The "grow-more-food" campaign received loud applause from middle- and upper-class people. One wealthy Delhi businessman dug up the tennis court next to his swimming pool and planted a very fancy vegetable garden just to be in the swing.

But the soothing effect of the Food Ministry's program vanished suddenly when the twenty-five per cent ration cut was announced. In the country the peasants said, "The gods are displeased." Many of them dated the displeasure of the gods to the inception of the Congress Party Government in Delhi.

This is all fuel for the Government's Opposition, and it may be highly combustible fuel. Most of the Opposition, particularly the Socialists and the splinters within the Congress Party, do not want fireworks. Gandhi's philosophy of nonviolence is deeply rooted in these groups, as it is in the Congress Party itself. But some of their members fear that violence will be the inevitable aftermath of famine.

"The situation is explosive," according to a representative of an agricultural workers' union. Hunger strikes and demonstrations are already being reported by *Crossroads,* the Communist weekly, although the numbers involved are still small and the demonstrations have not yet received attention in the rest of the press.

How violent hungry men in India can get no one knows. Some say that starving people are lethargic, submissive, fatalistic. Others say that the peasant of India is waking up, that the Congress Party made pre-independence promises that the peasant will not forget, and that the longer the fulfillment of those promises is postponed, the more sense Communist arguments will make to him.

What the Government and most of the Opposition groups want is time—time to argue out their differences, time to try their untried plans, time to prove that their own nonviolent ways are good.

Foreign imports of food will help to give India some of that time, but much of it India will have to win for itself by seeing to it that grain gets to areas where hunger is greatest. The pressure of the people's discontent may ultimately benefit the country by forcing the Government to stop hiding its head in the sand.

But without sufficient help from abroad, the Congress Party régime might become completely paralyzed in a seething country. No miracle of bureaucratic efficiency can keep 350,000,000 people alive without enough food.

—Jean Lyon

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Labor Declares Wilson the Aggressor

Early last fall, William Green, lifetime president of the AFL, was taunted by John L. Lewis for "plodding around the country, seeking someone to whom you can give a no-strike pledge." Within a few months, Green had given up plodding and pledging. Events were shattering what Lewis had called the "calm placidity of [Green's] ordered existence"; and when representatives of the AFL, the CIO, and the railway brotherhoods voted, on February 28, to walk out on the whole Washington defense setup, Green proclaimed, "This is the greatest day of my life."

Whatever else the quarrel between the trade-union leaders and Defense

Harris & Ewing

Charles E. Wilson

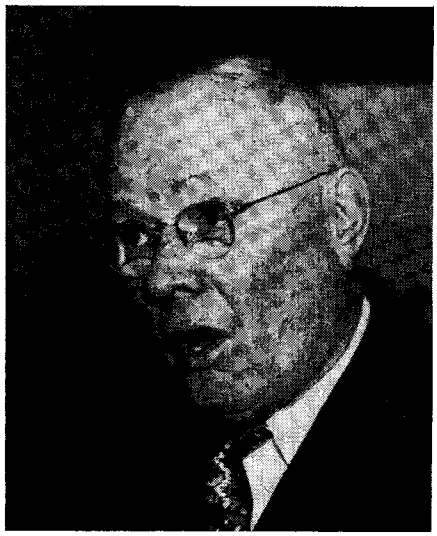
Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson has accomplished, it has aroused labor to a pitch of truculent vigor it hasn't reached since the late 1930's. Not only have the chiefs of the three great federations formed the sturdiest alliance in their history, but they are violating all recent notions of how the American labor movement should behave. The most defiant members of the United Labor Policy Committee are not from the young and aggressive CIO but from the elderly and cautious AFL. The advocate of discretion is not William Green but Arthur Goldberg, counsel for the CIO and deputy of Philip Murray. The leader of the rebellion is not Walter Reuther but George Meany, of the conservative AFL Building and Construction Trades Department.

These developments are not as paradoxical as they may seem. Long before labor went into politics, the AFL was waging its own battles without governmental blessing. It has never depended as heavily on the Administration as the CIO, which might not even have been born if there hadn't been a New Deal. Such AFL old-timers as Meany, Dan Tobin of the Teamsters, and Bill Hutcheson of the Carpenters are now talking about pulling out of Washington and politics altogether, and of going back to the unreconstructed unionism of the pre-Roosevelt era.

Today even the labor leaders whose careers were founded in political unionism are beginning to feel the same way. For years, they have been playing the polite, confining role of labor statesmen; this uprising gives them a heady sense of release. When Emil Rieve, head of the CIO Textile Workers, walked out of the Wage Stabilization Board, he said jubilantly, "Now we're behaving like unions again."

Labor has been driven to revolt for two reasons. First, it has come to realize, with a profound shock, that after eighteen amicable years it has ceased to be even a junior partner in the government. Second, it has developed a powerful suspicion, now amounting to a conviction, that industrialists plan to use the present emergency to break the unions' back. Never since the early days of the New Deal has labor felt so isolated, and never since Lewis's triumphant invasion of mass-production industry in the 1930's has it been so thrilled by the smell of battle.

Although the November, 1950, election was a warning, it was not until the mobilization program got under way that trade-union leaders realized how completely they had been frozen out of Washington. They were prepared this winter, as they were in 1940, to support the country's defense program without reservation. But there was a difference in their status.



Harris & Ewing

William Green

In 1940, labor was represented on the first defense agency. When the Office of Production Management was set up in 1941, Sidney Hillman was appointed co-chairman. Throughout the war, President Roosevelt met with a labor committee regularly. The War Labor Board, which handled industrial

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disputes, not only ruled in the spirit of the Wagner Act but put through emergency regulations that were even more favorable to labor. In those days union leaders could urge restraint on their members and be sure of getting it, and no one in the government even questioned the value of their support.

This time the men responsible for mobilization scarcely noticed labor's presence until it had gone; it was several months after the Korean War started before the President invited labor leaders to call. Instead of the Wagner Act, they have the Taft-Hartley law. Instead of Roosevelt, they have Truman, who likes to swap jokes with them but seems to have little comprehension of, and less interest in, their viewpoint. Above all, they have Charles Wilson, who has made it plain that he does not care whether labor stays or goes. Ten years ago, labor was asked to help make policy; now, it feels, it is being told to obey orders.

While Wilson alone did not provoke the rebellion, he represents both of labor's major fears. As assistant President, he has ruled labor out of the top defense councils. As former president

Harris & Ewing

James B. Carey

of General Electric—and still, in labor's view, its spiritual commander—he leads those corporate interests which, according to labor, are determined to destroy it.

Labor believes that American industry is divided into two camps—one, including General Motors, that wants to keep peace with labor and get on with production; the other, with G.E. as ringleader, that wants to wipe out the accepted collective-bargaining practices of the last decade. Among the damning evidence labor has assembled against G.E. are two confidential newsletters that the corporation has circulated among its executives.

In letters dated February 12 and 19, 1951, the company made a series of suggestions which, if put into effect, would wipe out some of labor's most important gains since 1933. The letters say that there is "only one way" to settle the problem of escalator clauses, namely, "by ruling [them] out"; that pension and insurance programs are "troublesome"; that the Walsh-Healy and Bacon-Davis Acts, which require minimum-wage standards for all government work, "are no longer necessary in the slightest"; that payment of time and a half for overtime presents "an inflation and taxation difficulty"; that there should be disciplinary penalties against workers for "sporadic interruptions to defense *or civilian* production" (the italics are labor's). The appointment of labor officials to government posts is opposed because, in view of their "lifelong career" of interfering with production, they are not "very useful . . . in the gentle art of increasing [it]."

All this, plus G.E.'s refusal to take sides in the rivalry between the CIO and Communist-led unions in its own plants, has led CIO Secretary James Carey to conclude that G.E. is "less interested in fighting Communism than in fighting the American trade unions." His colleagues in the United Labor Policy Committee extend the indictment to a large sector of American industry, and charge that Wilson is leading this group's crusade in Washington.

Labor asserts that the principles of the "G.E. Manifesto" are being pushed throughout the mobilization program not only by Wilson but by an interlocking directorate composed of his chief assistants. They claim that this directorate—which Carey calls a "Kuomintang"—centers around the New York banking firm of Goldman, Sachs. Sidney Weinberg, a senior partner in Goldman, Sachs, whom Wilson put on the G.E. board of directors, originally proposed Wilson's nomination to President Truman, and is now one of Wilson's two top aides. The other, General Lucius D. Clay, became board chairman of the Continental Can Corporation in 1950 at Weinberg's suggestion, and Goldman, Sachs has a man on Continental Can's board. Edwin T. Gibson, deputy administrator of the National Production Administration, is an executive of General Foods, another Goldman, Sachs-connected company; and two of the three industry members on the WSB are from companies with direct Goldman, Sachs ties: B. F. Goodrich and Champion Paper.

There is no denying that several points of the so-called G.E. Manifesto have shown up in the wage-stabilization debates. The wage-freeze dispute was not really over the question of eight, ten, or twelve per cent. What was at stake was just those issues that G.E. raised: escalator clauses, overtime, pensions, and whether or not there would still be an area for collective bargaining, without which unions would be utterly immobilized. The formula finally issued by Economic Stabilizer Eric Johnson gave in to much of labor's argument. The original one, however, had not.

Harris & Ewing

George Meany

By the time Johnson made his belated peace offering, labor had so many new suspicions and grievances that it was firmly against any sort of compromise. In the interim, it had become obvious that price controls could never remotely approach the wage freeze in rigidity. Moreover, General Clay, dur-

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ing the Second World War, had been the War Department's most relentless advocate of a wholesale manpower draft; there is probably no single proposal that frightens labor more. Above all, however, union leaders were incensed by Wilson's refusal to admit them into his policymaking councils.

With all of the economic and political issues, labor's anxiety and Wilson's indifference, the two sides are now confronting each other as if the last twenty years had never existed. To labor, Wilson is the boss in the front office; to Wilson, labor is the picket line at the factory gate.

Whether Wilson was aware of it or not, his behavior has seemed almost designed to irritate labor. At his first press conference, when he said he was not considering the appointment of a labor representative to a top policy post, he explained that he wanted technicians, not pressure groups. "From time to time," he added, "I will naturally consult with labor and other interested parties."

When labor sent an advisory committee to meet with Wilson, it found, to its inexpressible shock, that John L. Lewis was there at Wilson's express invitation. (Wilson's affection for Lewis is a minor mystery. Lewis said, on January 10, that he opposed all price and wage controls, or everything Wilson stood for. Yet special provisions in the stabilization program got him under the wire with a twenty per cent wage increase, double what the rest of labor has since been offered, and Wilson treats him with high good nature.)

A series of conflicting reports then issued from the office of Howard Chase, Wilson's public-relations director. The first was that Wilson would accept a labor assistant if he severed all relations with his union, as Wilson had done with G.E. Reporters later pointed out that Weinberg and Clay were keeping their private jobs—Clay at a salary of $100,000 a year—and that five other high functionaries in Wilson's office were doing the same. Chase's office thereupon suggested that a labor man would be considered if he devoted five days a week to the ODM. Labor told the press it would meet these conditions, but had not been asked to do so. Chase then said that three written invitations had been sent. Later, unable to produce any carbon copies, he amended that to say the invitations were oral, and that it was "all a semantic misunderstanding."

On February 16, the three labor members quit the Wage Stabilization Board, and, on the following day, the invitation from Wilson finally arrived. It was, George Meany said, "dated the 15th, postmarked the 16th, and signed with the rubber stamp of Wilson's signature."

By this time, labor leaders were convinced that Wilson didn't mean it, and indeed, when they met with him on February 27 for a showdown, it appeared that he no longer did. After an hour of shouting, the two sides almost came to blows. "Do you think that no labor leader can be a good public servant?" Carey finally asked. "That's exactly what I think," Wilson replied.

Directly after that meeting, the United Labor Policy Committee voted to withdraw its advisers from the entire Wilson chain of command. "We're not coming back—not ever," George Meany told reporters.

Harris & Ewing

Emil Rieve

Although most labor men are still exhilarated by their own daring, they are also frightened by it. Having resoundingly declared Wilson the aggressor, their next logical step is economic sanctions. Like the U.N. in China, they are unwilling to take that step. They recognize that they will have to return to the government, for they have no place else to go.

After eighteen soft years, they are not in shape for the hit-and-run guerrilla tactics of John L. Lewis. Moreover, the large majority of labor leaders would consider that an irresponsible course. They are committed to the defense program, if not to the way it is being run, and while they have enough striking power to paralyze the production effort, they would hate to use it. So they must protect their interests through negotiations with the government. They will not try to do it through Wilson; there is no longer the power of communication between the two. They will have to work through Harry Truman.

They have not given up Mr. Truman as hopeless. It is true that the President himself is difficult to approach, and that there is no one else in the White House they can talk to, but they are not ready to sever relations with the Democratic Party. They feel that, in a sense, Mr. Truman, too, has been taken in by the Wilson conspiracy. "He is a middle-class man who has never been near a factory, and he is awed by Wilson's great industrial might," a top CIO official has said. "Moreover, he can't run a defense program without industry, and, between the industrialists and Congress, he's in a box."

There are those in Washington who say that Mr. Truman is beginning to feel as labor does about Wilson, and is secretly glad of its revolt. There is no doubt that to get industry's co-operation, he had to cede great chunks of authority to Wilson. Whether this was a relief or a sacrifice only the President knows. Observers point out, however, that Mr. Truman saw the last mobilization up close, as chairman of a celebrated Senate committee, and was sharply critical of big-business behavior then.

Whether Mr. Truman's ideas have changed much since, his place in the government has, and he can no longer speak or act so freely. Nevertheless, he has already invaded Wilson's territory, for White House adviser Charles Murphy has been sitting in on the Wilson-labor conferences for several weeks. While the President has affirmed his faith in Wilson, he has not criticized labor for its defiance either—although labor is keeping its fingers crossed against an outburst of the famous Presidential temper.—CLAIRE NEIKIND

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Koestler: Puppets in the Night

"One should either write ruthlessly what one believes to be the truth, or shut up." This excellent advice is given by an ex-Communist ex-poet in Arthur Koestler's latest novel, *The Age of Longing* (Macmillan, $3.50). The characters in this book can be classified in three categories: Communists, ex-Communists, and people whose lives are spoiled and irretrievably meaningless because, never having been members of the Communist Party, it is impossible for them to be ex-members.

The Communists, of course, are sure that they alone possess the truth; the ex-Communists are sure that they alone possess the truth; the rest know only that they are stranded on some sort of sand bar with the tide of history surrounding and about to engulf them. Some are too stupid to know even that. What can you expect of Koestler's representatives of western civilization? They are introduced apparently to prove the Communist contention that western civilization is rotten to the core, and the ex-Communist contention that western civilization is not only rotten to the core but guilty of the supreme crime, the uttermost stupidity—that of refusing to listen to or follow the counsel of the ex-Communists.

"Write the truth or shut up," says Julien Delattre, who used to write poems with titles such as "Elegy on the Death of a Tractor" when he was in the Communist Party. Now he is silent. That is to say that although he talks interminably he has ceased to write. Listen to Julien explaining the reasons for his silence: "As far as poetry goes —that was finished the day I left the Party. Fallen angels don't write poems. There is lyric poetry, and sacred poetry, and a poetry of love and a poetry of rebellion; the poets of apostasy do not exist. . . ."

There is a simpler, practical reason for the silence of this fallen angel. He happens to believe that "Europe is doomed, a chapter in history which is drawing to its finish." But he also believes in what he calls the "ethical imperative of fighting evil," even if the fight is hopeless. So he is in a bad fix. For if he "ruthlessly" tells his truth, which is that Europe is doomed, who in the world, believing him, is going to take the trouble to get shot, or if not shot, tortured, or if not tortured, frozen to death in some Siberia? Truth, Julien says, "becomes defeatist propaganda and hence an immoral influence."

Of course Julien is only a character in a book. He cannot be taken to represent Arthur Koestler, for the simple reason that Mr. Koestler has not chosen to shut up. Presumably Mr. Koestler thinks that he has written himself out of the dilemma that truth equals defeatist propaganda. Presumably Mr. Koestler has written his book so that the fight against what he describes eloquently as hopeless odds may, by some undisclosed means, be made into a little less of a hopeless fight.

To know oneself is an idea that the Greeks thought good. To know the enemy is useful also—even if this means to wallow around in a murk of despair. Perhaps this is the process that rationalizes his decision not to "shut up." It takes quite an effort to distinguish his good intentions. It requires generosity.

Because what actually takes place when you read about Mr. Koestler's Communists, ex-Communists, and assorted idiotic anti-Communists is that you get into the spirit of the thing. And when you get into the spirit of this argumentative, conspiratorial gloom you find yourself wondering—of course absurdly—whether such a book, such an outpouring of pessimism and despair, such an acceptance of defeat, is not actually some extraordinary maneuver to disgust Americans with Europe once and for all. Such evil thoughts had best not be indulged in.

Mr. Koestler is a writer. No one asks him to write anything but what he thinks is the truth. If he thinks that Europe is hopeless and that all a decent European can do is die fighting in a hopeless cause, he has a right to say so. If he thinks that it will help Americans if they are let into the secrets of the ex-Communist's despair, let him think so. If he thinks that American action in Europe is futile and destined to be futile, let him say so.

The responsibility for putting things straight is the reader's. It is the Communist and ex-Communist view that propaganda is irresistible—not the American view. It is the Communist (and it could be the ex-Communist) attitude that bad books should be suppressed. It is not the American attitude.

Mr. Koestler and others have built up the idea of inevitability. The ex-Communist fallen angels, like their prototype Lucifer, rebel in vain against the armies of inexorable law, the Communist law, the Communist paradise of certainty from which they have been driven. They are in the outer darkness.

The Age of Longing is a stifling book. With all its insistence on clear thinking and reality, with all its contempt for sentiment and naiveté—the American characters in it are unbelievably naive and sentimental—the book's atmosphere is a closed one in which automatons analyze the automatic. It is for the reader, the American reader, to open the shutters and let in air and light.

Mr. Koestler has shoved the clock ahead a few years. *The Age of Longing* is viewed from Paris later on in the 1950's. France once again is ready to fall. The Communists apparently have already taken over much of the rest of Europe. In the middle of the book Stalin dies, and this fact changes nothing at all. At the close of the book the sirens sound the alarm. It may be

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the end of Europe; it may be only another air-raid exercise. At this juncture the Americans are portrayed as perhaps resisting from Spain or perhaps not resisting at all.

It is against this background of doom that the actors play out their parts. They and their lines are horribly and tiresomely familiar—partly because Koestler once wrote a good book called *Darkness at Noon,* partly because other writers have described Communists and ex-Communists, and other people have said that they thought the French had shot their bolt, and other people from Mark Twain on have said that Americans abroad are innocents. So, in this novel, in *The Age of Longing,* the characters appear, then, like the marionettes in the French nursery rhyme, but with a new and patterned sophistication; they pirouette briefly and vanish. No sooner are they named than we recognize them. They are the folk characters in the puppet show of our times.

Monsieur Anatole, old and dying, lecherous and futile, cultivated and disillusioned, represents the Marxist portrait of the cynical Europe that is not worth preserving. Fedya Nikitin is the Communist, strong in his dismal faith, humorless, ready to confess deviation at the drop of a line. A police agent at the cultural level, he is engaged in compiling a list of Frenchmen who must be eliminated when their country is taken over. Leontiev is the Communist who cracks under the strain of having to write interminable lies and, following the title of a best seller, chooses freedom—in his case, the freedom to get drunk and collapse entirely. Navarin is the French poet and Communist who candidly admits that he will follow the party line even if it leads to treason. Lord Edwards is the British eccentric who has chosen Communism because it was the last thing his class would expect him to do. He is lost in writing and rewriting scientific treatises as Stalin's views on the expansion or nonexpansion of the universe change. And there are Ponthieux, the philosopher, who is a fellow traveler, and his wife, who is a party member. So much for the Communist personnel.

As for the ex-Communists, they are puppets too. Professor Vardi keeps saying that a man can be right for the wrong reasons and wrong for the right reasons. His complaint is that he did not leave the party. The party left him. The party deviated. But some time the party may deviate back into idealistic Communism. When Stalin dies he returns hopefully to the party—and, of course, is "liquidated" as an agent of western imperialism. That this would happen to him was obvious to the reader the minute he started his long discussions with Julien, the writer who could no longer write because his truth was defeatist.

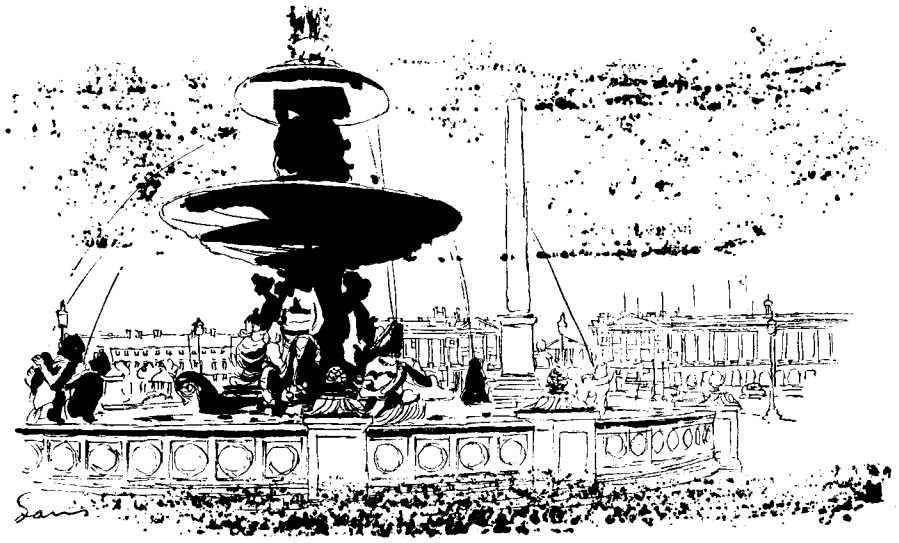
There are a few characters who are anti-Communist without ever having been Communists.

It is here that the stacking of the cards becomes more than outrageous. Look at these people. First there is Count Boris, a Pole, a mawkish insult to the Polish people. All he can do for the cause of freedom is go insane. He stands against the wall of his sordid hotel room and imagines that he is invisible. It is on this invisibility that he counts while making lunatic plans to assassinate Stalin. Has Mr. Koestler never met any exiled Poles with character, endurance, and courage? Of course he has met such men. They abound. They do not sit around weeping; they do not take refuge in insanity. Mr. Koestler forbids them to enter his book, provides us instead with a pathological character, and in doing so cheats with history and fact.

Mr. Koestler, it is true, appears to admire one of his characters—a Frenchman. He is in the government. He has been a Resistance leader. But he despairs of the government to which he belongs, and all he is allowed to do for the cause of freedom is to announce, at length, that a certain number of his compatriots will die on the barricades rather than submit to the invaders. At the end of the novel he is shown resigning from the government, out of Mr. Koestler's disgust with Europe and the French, and enlisting once again in the underground.

In the minds of ex-Communists, anyone is a fool who thinks there may be some honest, intelligent, devoted men in the service of the French or any other government. In the minds of Americans who have known and still know such men in more than one government, and particularly in the French, Koestler's views are insulting, which may not matter, but also inaccurate, which does.

America is making a great effort in Europe now. There is no reason to suppose that America will not still be making a great effort at the time the novel portrays. But in *The Age of Longing,*



this American effort is represented by a young man engaged in polling French populations as to whether they would mind having American military cemeteries renovated in the Hollywood (or Evelyn Waugh) manner, with soft music playing; our effort is represented by an Army colonel engaged in drawing up a list of selected Frenchmen to be flown to America when the Russians

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invade. America, of course, foresees the necessity of a government in exile. The colonel is afflicted with a daughter.

This charming representative of the United States and western civilization —she is named Hydie—unfortunately had a mother who, before she drank herself into a lunatic asylum, ran around the room on all fours, vomited in the hall, and wished Hydie were a boy. The colonel has to keep offering his resignation because Hydie is having an affair with the Russian Nikitin, the cultural attaché, the man who is drawing up his own list of Frenchmen to be "liquidated"—and because the colonel, a true western liberal, cannot interfere with his daughter's private life.

Hydie, it seems, went to a convent school and wanted to be a saint and lost her faith. There are only two men in her life who were sure enough of themselves to dominate her. One was her confessor in the convent; the other was her Russian lion tamer, Nikitin. This provides, of course, the inevitable commentary on the Church and the party as the two totalitarianisms—an investigation that might be far more interesting were it not mixed continually with psychological research into Hydie's character as influenced by the fact that, although pretty, she has bad legs.

Once again, what is Mr. Koestler up to? You have to have a girl in a novel, presumably, even when the novel is an apocalyptic novel about the end of Europe—even when the novel would seem at times to be about the end of mankind in general (there is one character who thinks that mankind may end just as the dinosaur came to an end), but why put such a stupid girl into a novel in which serious matters are discussed?

Why permit poor Hydie to represent America? That burden could be carried by any number of American girls who now have jobs in Paris with our various missions, who are attending to their jobs intelligently, who are not mixed up with Russian cultural policemen, and who in general have nice legs.

The Age of Longing is a debate on the gravest of problems. The first rule for debate is that each side be fairly represented. The Americans in this book, even the casual ones who are seen only guzzling champagne in night clubs, are all of them incapable of speaking for their country or for the ideas their countrymen are attached to. To object, one could say, is the angry reaction of an American. All right. It is. But this American is made just as angry by Mr. Koestler's treatment of the French. For the French are not Sartre, or Aragon, or other recognizable characters portrayed here under fictional names. The French are not a few futile characters endlessly discussing the world in literary cafés. The French have not abandoned the will to live. They have a right to a voice in this debate, and Mr. Koestler has deprived them of that right.

Arthur Koestler

The ex-Communist expert on Communism views himself as a political leader. Last year, for example, Mr. Koestler traveled to a cultural congress in Berlin to proclaim the conditions of intellectual freedom. On occasion, Mr. Koestler in Carnegie Hall has also instructed Americans on their duties. Although Mr. Koestler himself has not waited till the final emergency before getting out of doomed and perilous Europe, he is no ivory-tower artist. He is on all the good committees.

The position of leader is not the same as the position of a man who is primarily a novelist. As the novelist of *The Age of Longing,* Mr. Koestler has exposed his nihilistic, warped, and despairing truth "ruthlessly." That is his right. But in expounding so peculiar a truth he has renounced all claim to useful leadership. As a leader, from now on, he can only follow his character Julien's advice and shut up.

—GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

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'Angry Little Bonfires'—
A Journalist Comes Home

Perhaps it has happened to you that when you have been long separated from a face you know intimately your memory suddenly tricks you and you can't recall the person's features at all. Everything blurs. It was like that for me when I returned to the United States recently after having been in Europe for more than two years. Flying home from Paris I tried to remember the feel of the country and how it looked, but except for vague outlines I couldn't.

A day or two after the plane landed, I took a walk through midtown Manhattan. Right away I began to get my bearings. Broadway was still the home of the pitchman and the peanut shell. It was easy to identify Madison Avenue, through whose doors still pass some of the tallest, sveltest, prettiest girls in the world. Store windows were bursting with a gorgeous opulence. The rivers of traffic were flooded with chrome-trimmed automobiles that seemed bigger than the *Queen Elizabeth* after the dinghy-sized car I had been plying between Paris, Frankfurt, and Rome. Setback skyscrapers notched the horizon in several new places, and on the East River the upended glassy slab of the U.N. Building glittered rather satisfactorily.

On the surface, America—or New York at least—seemed more richly vitaminized than ever before. New homes, new gadgets, new prosperity. All this, I reflected, and mobilization

too. Clumsy, halting mobilization, naturally, but the strength was there to be pumped out to Korea, and now to be lent to the defense of Europe. The energy was almost palpable. It was good to come back to it after the understandable but undeniable deadness of the Left Bank and the Via Veneto. And yet as I began to talk to people, I caught something unfamiliar about the picture; something was wrong.

I was privileged to have an interview one evening with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and in the course of our conversation she mentioned that an acquaintance had been trying somewhat urgently to buy a corner of Hyde Park. "I couldn't think why," Mrs. Roosevelt said, "and when I asked, this person was aghast that I didn't realize people were moving to the country to escape the atomic bomb." Later I heard of a whole family who had fled the prosperous if falsied bosom of Los Angeles to the presumable safety of Montevideo, Uruguay.

But these were not altogether surprising reactions. They were the first unthinking impulses of fear. I was in London during the eerie siege of the V-2 rockets. You couldn't see the damned things, or even hear them until after they had hit. The constant imminence of their arrival in the prolonged intervals of absence was almost unbearable, and several friends of mine who had survived the Blitz and the V-1s said they would have cracked if the V-2 attack had kept on. Now the absent A-bomb, Soviet model, was scaring us in a similar way.

It was not this but a more invidious kind of fear that disturbed me. Some of its manifestations seemed ludicrous; they would be ancient history to most people but they were new and strange to me. Hollywood had abandoned a picture on the life of Hiawatha because it might be called Communist propaganda: A faithful chronicling of Iroquois history would involve, among other things, a peacepipe ceremony—which might associate the film with the Stockholm petition.

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Other examples were less funny. An actress accused of leftist associations by a mysterious register called *Red Channels* was removed from a television program because she had thereby become a "controversial figure." A New England hotelkeeper canceled a lecture by Owen Lattimore in his hostelry, and in Ohio union men threatened to strike rather than listen to Senator Robert A. Taft make a speech in their plant.

I tried to convince myself that these were isolated instances, untypical and therefore unimportant. But as I traveled across the country to the Pacific Coast and back again I became more uneasy. Instead of the powerful, rhythmic stroke of an American tempo, I now felt an ugly, nervous twitch. Everywhere I went I was shocked by some incident of fear. The succession of incidents described a state of mind.

Item: In New York City a publisher confided to me that he wanted to hire a man I had long admired as a brilliant journalist but that he didn't dare. "I know his record is clear," he said, "but Pegler has called him a Commie."

Item: In Washington two civil servants I had known when they were working for military government in Germany were summoned to hearings before their respective loyalty boards *because they knew each other.*

Item: In Los Angeles a man wrote to the *Daily News* in alarm because Mayor Fletcher Bowron, in urging citizens to report to the police anything or anybody suspicious, had allegedly said that the accused would never know or be able to face his accuser. "Does this remind you of the stories that came out of Nazi Germany?" the letter writer asked. And in conclusion he debated whether to sign his name. "I hear on every side," he explained, "from perfectly innocent people, 'You'd better not let anyone hear you saying that. They might think you're a Communist.' Or in reply to 'If you don't like what's happening, why don't you write to your Congressman?' the answer comes back, 'No, no—he might think I'm a red.' . . . Suspicion and fear seem to be taking a firm grasp on the minds of a once brave and free-minded people."

The man signed the letter. His name was Callahan.

I began to get entangled in the spider web myself. At a dinner party in Hollywood I got into a discussion with a musician and the wife of an Air Force officer about Harry Bridges. They both agreed he ought to be deported, on the ground that "he's a foreigner, and has no business here." I ventured that, however insolently Bridges might have behaved, the issue was whether he had broken the law, not the fact that he had once been an alien. The musician turned on me: "I don't know who you are," he said, "but you're talking like a shyster lawyer or a Communist."

At the same party, another guest, going over the University of California professors' case with a businessman, was arguing that if loyalty oaths were made indiscriminately compulsory, it would be the beginning of a suppression, however slight, of civil rights, and that conceivably this suppression could gradually continue until a move to abolish the secret ballot might gain popular support. "Well," the businessman said, without an instant's hesitation, "I don't think that would be so bad. What's so sacred about the secret ballot? I'm not afraid to let anybody know how *I* vote."

'Hollywood had abandoned a picture on the life of Hiawatha. . .'

I asked a former college mate of mine in Spokane if he didn't think that by these attitudes and the sweepingly restrictive measures they motivated, we ourselves were threatening to destroy the very liberties we were trying to protect from the enemy. "Our system is going to change," he said. "That's just too bad. For me and my family, the cardinal objective is survival. I want to survive at any cost." I could hardly believe my ears. Hadn't the dreary careers of the Quislings, the Pétains, the Lavals proved that the price for that kind of security was utter capitulation?

Not long after the McCarran Act was passed I began to get troubled letters from European friends. "What is happening?" one wrote. "What are you doing to our hopes in your country?"

It is certainly true that people in cities like Paris or Rome—where your concièrge or your cab driver, your newsboy or the man from the gas company may be a card-carrying Communist—can fall into a dangerous state of complacency. That has happened to too many people in Europe. But there is another side of the picture. Living

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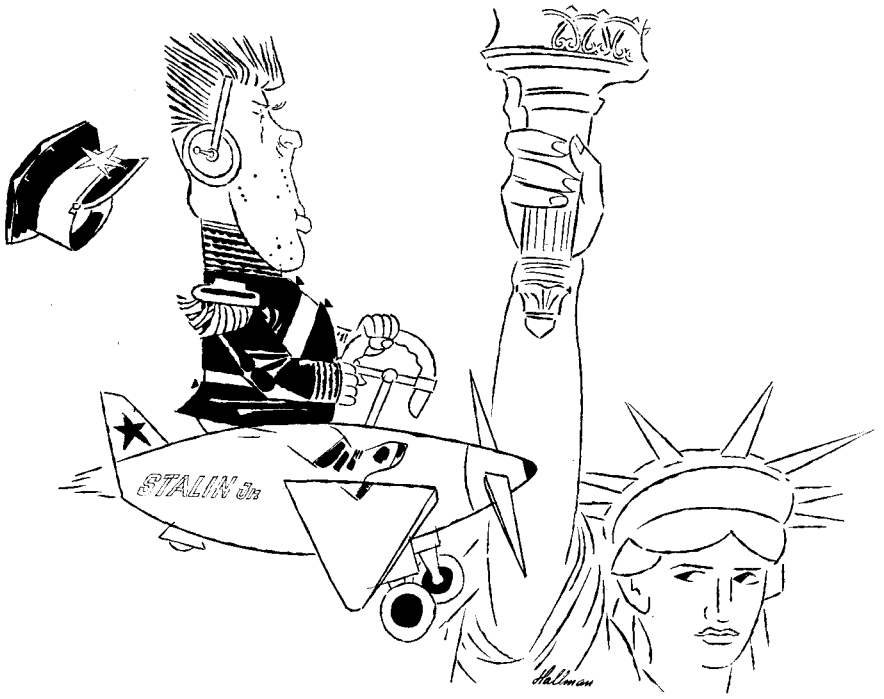

'It is intelligent to fear the Russians, but not yourselves'

with Communists has given them pretty intimate experience in how to handle them. They know, for instance, that you can't handcuff a professional Communist with a piece of paper, or a new law, and that ruthlessly repressive measures only hand the Communists new propaganda weapons and spur them to new heights in perfecting their own disguises.

After I got back to New York, I was talking my trip over one evening with a girl from Berlin. During the war she had been imprisoned first by the Gestapo and then the Red Army. She has been in this country three years—long enough to learn her way around and to make some sound comparisons.

"You Americans seem to have forgotten what you are and what you have," she said. "I don't understand you. You have everything. Wealth, freedom, enterprise, skill, strength—everything. It is intelligent to fear the Russians, but not yourselves. That only makes it easier for them."

I have been trying to sort out my thoughts. I don't want to sound glib or pompous. I know that there is a real danger. I realize something that I didn't sense before—how deeply people's faith has been shaken by such tragic scandals as the Fuchs case and the sequel of Harry Gold; by such grinding ordeals as the Hiss and Remington trials.

But is it just possible that the strain of these preoccupations has been too much for us, that we don't realize how dangerously unstable our own behavior has become, that we are losing ourselves in the wrong issues? Since when, I wonder, has it been a crime in this country to be a controversial figure? Could it date from the time that a sponsor felt more sensitive to the sales graph of a breakfast food than to the delicate principle that a person is presumed innocent until proved guilty? Have the prejudices of a hotel proprietor on the one hand and union workmen on the other become so extreme that they would even refuse to *listen* to the opposition? I couldn't help asking myself whether my Hollywood dinner partners had forgotten our proud heritage, that we are a nation of aliens. Had the businessman hastily overlooked the fact that the secrecy of the ballot, free from threats or pressure, has been a fundamental ever since democracy was invented?

It has been hard to recognize this kind of America. According to a legend in which there is much truth, reporters vinegar up with age, their cynicism increasing with exposure to the bitter facts of life. But even a reporter can have ideals. Perhaps my trouble is not cynicism but oversentimentality. I know that through history freedom has been repeatedly burned as a witch. But somehow I am confronted with a monstrous irony in coming back to the country which taught me to cherish freedom, only to detect angry little bonfires leaping up across the land, fed by hysteria and prejudice, charring a civil liberty here, an innocent man's character there, the very hopes of decent men everywhere.

Even over issues as big as these, people seldom become aroused until something touches them personally. I didn't feel so deeply about all this until one day recently when I happened to recall an incident that had occurred when I was a boy. My father was once the president of a bank in a Snake River town in Idaho. It failed in the late 1920's, as did many others. A day or two after it had closed, I went into the corner drugstore to make a phone call. The soda jerk recognized me and jeered: "So your old man's been playing fast and loose with other people's dough, huh?" He had all the evidence he needed: banker, money, bank closed; ergo, depositors swindled. As I remembered that enraging encounter it suddenly came to me that it was this same kind of gossip-grained indictment that the McCarthys were using to destroy people now. Spotless as his record was, my father could have been ruined if the bank examiner had used it years ago.

I went to Washington to see a trusted friend. He came closer than anyone else I have seen to putting his finger on the remedy. At the time, the capital was still spinning from the exhilarating impact of General Eisenhower's appearance on his return from Europe. "The general conceded," my friend said, "that we need to fear the real threat of war, but he demonstrated that we must learn fast to fear it alertly, with our hackles up and our systems charged with adrenalin, not panic. But do you know why Ike achieved such a personal triumph? Because he radiated honesty, courage, and, most of all, faith. We have lost faith in ourselves, but we can still recognize faith when we see it, even though there isn't much of it to be seen these days."

—Edward P. Morgan

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